

THE AMERICAN BIBLIOPOLIST,

A Literary Register and Repository of Notes and
Queries, Shakesperiana, etc.

"What was scattered in many volumes, and observed at several times by eye-witnesses, with no cursory pains I laid together to save the reader a far longer travail of wandering through so many deserted authors. * * * * * The essay, such as it is, was thought by some who knew of it, not amiss to be published; that so many things remarkable, dispersed before, now brought under one view, might not hazard to be otherwise lost, nor the labor lost of collecting them."—*Milton, Preface: "Brief History of Moscovia," 1632.*

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LITERARY (AND OTHER) JOTTINGS.

"Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some and yet all different."
ROMEO AND JULIET, II., iii, 13.

MESSRS. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON & HODGE sold, in June, an important portion of the library of the late William Stuart, of Aldenham Abbey, Herts, Eng. The following were some of the principal lots. A collection of the writings of Daniel De Foe, with several falsely attributed to him, 6*l.*—Howell's Collection of State Trials, 25*l.* 10*s.*—Epistola Christofori Columbi de Insulis nuper in Mari Indico repertis, 1494, 2*l.* 10*s.*—Lyson's Environs of London and Middlesex Parishes, first edition, with large paper supplement, 6*l.*—Ulric Zell's second edition of the Latin Bible, 2*l.*—The Latin Bible, printed at Basle by B. Rodt, one of Guttenberg's workmen, about 1490, 2*l.* 10*s.*—Biblia Sacra Latina, one of the rarest works from the press of Gering, Krantz & Friburger, who first introduced printing into Paris, 8*l.*—N. J. Jacquin's Selectarum Stirpium Americanum Historia, printed at Vienna about 1780, and illustrated with numerous drawings in water colors of flowers and insects, 2*l.* 10*s.*—The works of Thomas Aquinas, printed on vellum at Rome in 1570: the first edition and the dedication copy to Pope Pius the Fifth, which was presented by him to Philip the Second of Spain, who placed it in the library of the Escorial, whence it was taken by the French, 10*l.* Among the manuscripts were, Nova Compilatio Decretalium cum glossa ordinaria Bernhardi Bottoni Papiensis, written on vellum in the fourteenth century, ornamented with miniature portraits and richly-illuminated initial letters, 4*l.*—A Persian Album, written on card-board, containing specimens of Arabic and Persian calligraphy, ornamented with numerous paintings, 6*l.* The collection realized 1,379*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*

A COLLECTION of books and manuscripts, in which were many works of interest, have been also recently disposed of by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge. The most notable was a folio manuscript on vellum, of the New Testament, translated by J. Wycliffe, with calendar. According to Sir F. Madden, it was written at the end of the fourteenth century, though others ascribe it to a later period. At the bottom of the first page in an autograph signature, believed to be that of Richard III. when Duke of Gloucester, though considerable difference of opinion exists among authorities on this point. It was bought for 33*l.*—Among other works of importance were W. Blake's Songs of Innocence, 3*l.* 10*s.*—

Poems, chiefly in the Scottish dialect, by Robert Burns, 1786, 34*l.*—J. F. Dibdin's Biographical Works, 1814-42, 7*l.*—The first edition of Shelley's Adonais, 2*l.* 10*s.*—W. Blake's Visions of the Daughters of Albion, 1793, 2*l.* 10*s.*—Le Champ de Drap d'Or, an account of the meeting between Henry VIII. and Francis I., in manuscript, ornamented with Heraldic designs by Willement, paintings by R. T. Bone, and water-color drawings by Stephanoff, 15*l.*—J. Couche's Galerie du Palais Royal, 2*l.* 10*s.*—A Collection of Hollar's Works, 3*l.*—La Fontaine's Fables Choisies mises en vers, 1755-59, bound by Derome, 4*l.* Total, 2,00*l.*

A New Caxton—Mr. Blades, in "The Life and Topography of William Caxton," mentions two genuine editions of the "Golden Legend," the first printed in 1483, the second *circa* 1487. As for the third edition, published in 1493, although it bears the name of William Caxton, it is evidently the work of Wynkyn de Worde, printed with the rather clumsy types of the latter, and not those which Caxton brought with him from the Netherlands. These types, in our opinion, were cast either by Colard Mansion or Johann Veldener, who is wrongly said to have begun printing at Cologne in 1470. He began at Louvain in 1473; Utrecht, 1478; and Culemburg, 1482.

Now we, the (*Athenaeum*), find in Dr. C. Inglis's library, two leaves of Caxton's English version of the "Legenda Aurea," printed with the types borrowed by Caxton from Veldener. These leaves do not correspond either with the first or the second edition described by Mr. Blades, which are said to agree page for page, excepting some variations in signatures X and Y.

The fragment in Dr. Inglis's possession is in double columns, like the two other editions, but with this difference, that there are only forty-four lines in a column, whilst the described editions have fifty-five lines. It begins with the "Lyf of Saint Leonard," folio cccxxxvi, signature R. iii. The following leaf, wrongly numbered cccxvij, ends on the verse, "Here followeth of Saynt Theodo | re and fyrt of his name."

In the British Museum copy (C. 11, d. 8), "The Lyfe of St. Leonard" begins folio 354, wrongly numbered ccc. xliii.; that of Saint Theodorus begins on the verso of folio ccclv.

Here we have then an unknown edition of the "Golden Legend," a complete copy of which may turn up some day, and which appears entitled to the first rank on account of its Netherlandish types.

An attempt, it seems, is about to be made to recover a number of sculptures, friezes, and other antiquities, being

part of those obtained by Lord Elgin from the Acropolis of Athens in 1802, in virtue of a firman of Sultan Selim III., but which were lost by the wreck of the *Mentor* on its voyage to England off Avernona, in the island of Cythera (Cerigo). The marbles were packed in seventeen cases, twelve of which were recovered by divers from Calymnos, sent for the purpose by the Admiral at Malta, to whom Lord Elgin applied for assistance when the disaster occurred. The antiquities thus saved were placed in the British Museum, and the remaining five cases have remained hidden beneath the waves until the present time. Mr. Makoukas, a gentleman living at Cerigo, has, according to the *Levant Herald*, lately sent a report to the Archaeological Society of Athens, stating that the marbles are plainly visible lying on the bottom of the sea, at the depth of about sixteen fathoms (ninety-six feet). It is thought that with the new diving appliances now in use these marbles will be easily recoverable, and it is believed that the Greek Government will be disposed to grant a sum of money to the Athens Archaeological Society, which will enable it at once to take steps for their recovery. Mr. Makoukas has also sent to the society copies of the report of the commander of the *George Parry*, the ship on board which the twelve recovered cases were embarked, as well as three letters from Lord Elgin himself.

SOME time ago *The Athenaeum* spoke of the extreme rarity of the autographs of Rabelais. It has again recurred to the subject, and now informs its readers that the Sheffield General Infirmary possesses a well-preserved copy of the Aldine *editio princeps* of Galen, published in five volumes, in 1525. The name of Rabelais, Latinized, is written on the title-pages of two of the volumes. There are also many manuscript marginal notes. The first volume has a leaf of manuscript Greek bound with the rest to fill a gap. Dr. Law, one of the physicians of the Infirmary, has had photographs taken, of which he has been good enough to send us copies, of the title-pages of the first and second volumes and one page of the manuscript Greek. Possibly, the words on the second volume, "Francisci Rabelaſi καὶ τῶν αὐτοῦ φίλων," are in the handwriting of Rabelais. The MS. page was certainly not written by the same hand. On the first title-page, following the name of Rabelais, "nunc demum Alexandri Cooke" is written in—though the photograph does not show this—different ink. On the fly-leaf the following note has been written by this Alexander Cooke:—

Hos quinq: Tomos Galeni Operum
Lugduni Gal: comparavi quos e Libris
Celeberrimi Rabelaſi quondam fuisse
Autographum testatur. A. C.
Rabelaſus Aphoristos Hip: & deinceps Galeni
Artem medicam frequenti Auditorio Mons.—
pessuli publicè enarrabat An. 1531.
Vid. Epist. ejus dedicat : in Aph. Hip.

One of the title-pages, not photographed, has in writing, "nunc vero Fran. Pencellus me habet." The volumes would require to be submitted to a more careful examination before we pronounce a decided opinion on the supposed autograph. Does any one know who Alexander Cooke was?

The late Charles Knight.—The Memorial Committee arrived yesterday (June 14) at Windsor to meet the mayor and corporation, to unveil the bust of the late Mr. Charles Knight. The bust, executed by Mr. Durham, and now placed in the Council Chamber, is of marble, and stands upon a pedestal which has been given by the corporation;

those who remember Mr. Knight say that the cast of feature has been exceedingly well caught and reproduced. The inscription runs thus: "Charles Knight, author and publisher, born at Windsor March 15, 1791; died at Addlestone, Surrey, March 9, 1873, and buried in his native town. His chosen work through life was to bring good literature within the reach of all. This bust was presented to the Corporation of Windsor by the Committee of the Charles Knight Testimonial, June 14, 1875." Mr. Routledge, on behalf of the Committee, read this address:

"Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen,—As the treasurer of the Charles Knight Memorial Fund, it falls to my lot to present to the Corporation of Windsor this excellent marble bust of a most unselfish man. The inscription tells you that his great aim in life was to bring pure, elevated, and good literature within the reach of all classes; or, in his own words, he says that in setting out in life he formed the desire to make knowledge a common possession instead of an exclusive privilege. We are all well aware how emphatically he succeeded—and that, moreover, at a time when in the effort he stood entirely alone. There is also an important feature in his foresight. No matter what the productions of the present day may be, he was the pioneer of combining literature with art. He it was who foresaw how great a boon we have in illustrated works. It seems to me, indeed, his love of literature and its union with art colored all his life. You are aware, and that especially in this town of Windsor, that he was editor of the *Windsor and Eton Express* from its commencement until the end of 1826; and if I am correct, I think that paper has been in existence between fifty and sixty years, which, at all events, proves to me that his able management as editor of that paper will not soon be forgotten. I may be allowed to say also, that while he resided in your midst he was the publisher and editor of the *Etonian and Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, and amongst the names of his contributors were some of the most distinguished men of this century—viz.: Macaulay, Praed, Moultrie, Derwent Coleridge, Sidney Walker, and Malden—and I have no doubt those gentlemen were fortunate in having a publisher with such kindred thoughts and aspirations. Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen, I need not trouble you with the names of the numerous and important works that Charles Knight published, as they are well known. After his death those who loved and honored him subscribed a sum amounting to upwards of £1,100—and this contributed by more than 200 persons—to 'keep the good man's memory green.' In addition to presenting Mr. Durham's excellent marble bust to the Corporation of Windsor, we have thought it wise to found two £20 scholarships in connection with the excellent school of the Stationers' Company, bearing the name of Charles Knight. Well then, Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen, can you wonder that we come here to-day into his native town to offer you this gift, and to ask you to preserve it in honor of his memory?" The bust was then unveiled, and the Mayor, after eulogizing the character of Mr. Knight, thanked Mr. Routledge and his colleagues in the name of the Corporation and the people of this town, for the bust. The members of the Committee afterwards dined with the Mayor and Corporation and others in the Council Chamber.—From the (London) *Times*, June 15.

AN English Correspondent writes: "The most complete collection of Chinese coins ever seen in this country has recently been brought here by Mr. Herbert A.

Giles, of Her Majesty's China Consular Service, with the view of offering them to the authorities of the British Museum, where they have already been examined by Dr. Birch and Mr. Poole. The collection embraces the period of 4,000 years, extending from B.C. 2356 to A.D. 1874, and comprises several very beautiful specimens of 'knife' and 'lump' money, attributed by native writers on numismatics to the celebrated Emperors Yao and Shun. From the Han dynasty downwards, not only every emperor who produced a coin is represented, but each and all of his sometimes numerous issues are shown in chronological order. Amongst the coins in this collection are a few Japanese and Cochin-Chinese coins, which, at one time, were current in the Empire; also specimens of each of the coins issued by the Taepings, by the renowned Koxinga, who expelled the Dutch from Formosa, and by other rebel chieftains. Counterfeit coins and tokens of various Emperors and dynasties help to swell a rich and unique collection, accompanying which is a carefully-prepared catalogue, containing many new and interesting details, compiled from Chinese sources."

A new and revised edition of Prof. J. D. Rupp's "Collection of more than 30,000 names of Immigrants in Pennsylvania, from Germany, Switzerland, Holland, etc., during 1727 to 1776, chronologically arranged, with statement of the ships, of the harbor and of the date of their arrival at Philadelphia; notices about the first settlers at Tulphocken, Berks Co., at Germantown, Lancaster Co., before the year 1730; about the Moravians in Pennsylvania and the 'Salzburger' in Georgia; also a collection of more than 1,000 names of German and French inhabitants in New York before the year 1712, and short advertisements from the time of the Colonies."

This work will be published by Ig. Kohler, of 202 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa., in the English and German Languages, and be ready by the first of September. It will not only be of great interest to many of the descendants of the first settlers and pioneers of this country, but also of a high historical value.

In the June number of the BIBLIOPOLIST (page III.) we called attention to the fact, that a "Byron Memorial Committee" had been formed. The following correspondence between Lady Anne Blunt, and Disraeli, the President of the Committee, has been published in the (London) *Times*:

CRABBET, July 5.

SIR: I take the liberty of writing to you on a subject in which you are at least nominally interested — the "Byron Memorial Committee." I see by an advertisement in the *Times* that at a general meeting, held on Wednesday last, the committee, in your absence, passed, among others, the following resolution: That a slab be placed over Lord Byron's grave in the chancel of Hucknall Church." The presence of Lord Lovelace at the meeting, and his apparent approval of this proposal, have no doubt caused the impression that such a proceeding would be gratifying to the descendants and other near relations of the poet. I am sure you will not misunderstand me if I tell you that the very reverse is the case. The view taken of this matter by Lord Wentworth and myself, his grandchildren, by Miss Leigh, his niece, and, I believe, by others of the family, I will endeavor to express.

We have not forgotten that when Lord Byron's remains were brought back to England they were refused a resting-place in Westminster Abbey; that it was left to his sister Mrs. Leigh, and his friend, Mr. Hobhouse — perhaps the two who loved him best — to bury him, and that together they placed a tablet to his memory. What their affection then deemed suitable we still hold to be enough, nor can we think that the addition of a slab placed by subscription in Hucknall Church would add anything to the dignity of the poet's tomb. At least, it is not for the public which denied a worthy grave to take now, after fifty years, unmasking from his family, the guardianship of their dead.

I am sure that if the committee had been made aware of this it would not have passed the resolution to which we object; but, unfortunately, the opportunity was not offered to us of expressing our feeling to them. I venture, however, to hope that you will not refuse me your assistance in privately pointing out this aspect of the affair to the committee, and so render it unnecessary for me to appear publicly in a matter which my brother's absence from England leaves me the responsibility of dealing with. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ANNE ISABELLA NOEL BLUNT.

TO THE RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI, M. P.

10, DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL, July 7.

MADAM: Mr. Disraeli desires me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 5th instant, with reference to Lord Byron's Memorial.

I have the honor to be, madam, your obedient servant,

Mrs. BLUNT,

A. TURNOR.

Nine of Diamonds.—Various reasons are assigned to account for the Nine of Diamonds being called the Curse of Scotland. 1st. Mary of Lorraine introduced the game of *Comète* into Scotland, at which the Nine of Diamonds is the winning card, and ruined many Scottish courtiers thereby. 2d. Because George Campbell, in the reign of Mary Stuart, stole nine diamonds out of the Scottish crown. The whole of Scotland was taxed for it, and the card was called, in consequence, not only the Curse of Scotland, but said "George Campbell." 3d. James, Duke of York, is said to have introduced the game into Scotland, which by others is ascribed to Mary of Lorraine. 4th. The Nine of Diamonds-Pope, at Pope Joan, and Scotch Presbyterians gave it a bad name accordingly. 5th. Because every ninth king of Scotland was a bad king, and diamonds representing royalty, the Nine of Diamonds was therefore stigmatized. 6th. Because, according to false report, the Duke of Cumberland wrote a cruel order at Culloden on the back of the card in question. 7th, and lastly. The Dalrymple (Earl of Stair) family was a family of Whigs, to one of whom Scotland owed the massacre of Glencoe, and to another the defeat of the intrigues of the Stuarts at the French court. The Dalrymples bore nine lozenges (saltire-wise) in their coat-of-arms, bearing some resemblance to the Nine of Diamonds, to which card the Scottish Jacobites are said to have given the name of the Curse of Scotland, in token of their hatred of name, title, and of the memory of Stair and Dalrymple. What is wanted is the date at which the name was first given.

MR. J. EGLINTON BAILEY, of Stretford, Manchester, England, the author of the recently published "Life of Thomas Fuller," is about to edit that worthy's sermons. The work, which is to be published by subscription, will be in two volumes, uniform with the Oxford edition of the "Church History." In addition to all Fuller's sermons extant, some thirty in number, the volumes will also contain six larger treatises, and some hitherto unpublished fragmentary passages, while the whole will be illustrated with several drawings of churches, etc., associated with the discourses. We are glad to know that the old form of orthography will be retained, and that the sermons will be printed in old-faced type, as nearly like the originals as possible. It is said that this is the first time that Fuller's sermons have been collected, and as some of them are unique the work will be a valuable addition to our theological literature. As a specimen of the style in which the volumes will be produced, Mr. Bailey is publishing separately the very interesting sermon "Of Reformation," preached by Fuller while lecturer at the Savoy.

Cruikshank.—"J. Sabin & Sons" have put everybody but collectors under an obligation by reproducing in fac-

simile the veteran Cruikshank's "My Sketch-Book," a work now among the hardest to obtain, and yet one of those most sure to live as the product of a rare genius. All of the artist's characteristics are present in these etchings, and some of the examples, both of his fun and of his sentiment, are among the highest efforts of his pencil. For the period, 1834-36, these sketches are as good as so many fashion-plates."—*The Nation*.

Paper Statistics.—Of the 1,300,000,000 human beings inhabiting the globe, 360,000,000 have no paper or any writing material of any kind. 500,000,000, of the Mongolian races use a paper made from the stalks and leaves of plants; 10,000,000 employ for graphic purposes tablets of wood; 130,000,000—the Persians, Hindoos, Armenians, and Syrians—have paper made from cotton, while the remaining 300,000,000 use the ordinary staple. The annual consumption of this latter number is estimated at 1,800,000,000 lbs., an average of six pounds to a person, which has increased from two and a half pounds during the last fifty years. To produce this amount of paper, 200,000,000 lbs. of woolen rags, 800,000,000 lbs. of cotton rags, besides great quantities of linen rags, straw, wood, and other materials, are yearly consumed. The paper is manufactured in 3,600 paper mills, employing 90,000 male and 180,000 female labourers. The proportionate amounts manufactured of the different kinds of papers are stated to be, of writing paper, 300,000,000 lbs.; of printing paper, 900,000,000 lbs.; of wall papers, 400,000,000 lbs.; and 200,000,000 lbs. of cartoons, blotting paper, etc.—*London Stationer*.

MR. JOHN FORSTER is said to be engaged on a "Life of Swift," and a new edition of his works. Another item of literary news is that Father Prout's unpublished writings are being collected, and will shortly be published under the title of "The Final Reliques of Father Prout." It appears (the *Athenaeum* says) that the family of the late Rev. Mr. Mahoney possess several MSS. which will form the chief item in the forthcoming volume.

THE ancient Sanscrit manuscripts are well known to be written on palm-leaf, and according to a recent report made to the Indian Government by the Baboo antiquarian, Rajendra Lalmitra, now employed in examining into the subject, the oldest known date back nearly to the beginning of the twelfth century. Such records, it is stated, are extremely rare, the majority of the palm-leaf writings not going back beyond the end of the sixteenth century. On the other hand, the paper MSS. of Sanscrit writings are found to be many of them much older than was believed, one copy of the "Bhagavata Purana" on this material being of the year A. D. 1210. The secret of their existence and preservation is not merely that the natives of India knew how to make good stout paper nearly six hundred years since, but that they carefully sized it with yellow arsenic laid over with a vegetable emulsion, and so effectually preserved it. For the report tells us that "no insect or worm will attack arsenicized paper." And, although it seems that the superior appearance and cheapness of European paper has of late years caused it to be adopted for official and other documents needing preservation, the Baboo adds, "This is a great mistake, as it is not near so durable, and is liable to be rapidly destroyed by the insects."

English Servs.—There are 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 of sodden human beings in England and Scotland who are serfs and almost slaves. The agricultural labourers have no rights which the rest of the community feel obliged to

respect. Practically bound to the soil, reared in the grossest ignorance, underpaid, almost starved, they are the most unfortunate, unhappy, uncivilized set of people in Christendom. Their career begins in a hovel, and ends in a poorhouse. Ten years ago, the agricultural labourers of England answered La Bruyère's description of the peasantry of France, when Louis XIV. was king. Thanks to the land laws, born of the Revolution of '89, the French peasants have become the richest "poor class" in Europe. They took a great part of the last loan negotiated by their government to pay off the German "smart money." A loan offered on the same terms in England would not have secured a subscription of a shilling from the whole mass of agricultural labourers, simply because they have not a shilling to give.—*Chicago Tribune*.

In future the manuscripts of all works intended to be published at Constantinople must be submitted to the Ministry of Public Instruction, which, if advisable, will give a provisional permission for the printing of the work. When completed, two copies, bearing the seal of the author and publisher, must be sent to the same Ministry. If, on examination, they are found to be exact reproductions of the original manuscript, one of the copies will be retained, and the other, bearing the seal of the Council of Public Instruction, will be returned to the proprietor with permission to publish. But wouldn't the "Ministry" have a good time "verifying" the exactness of the reproduction, if (say) the big "Unabridged" should come to press there.

ANYBODY who happens to have in his possession a Revolutionary relic of any kind will find a good use for it by sending it to Philadelphia to decorate old Independence Hall, which is now being fitted up for the Centennial show next year. What are mostly wanted are authentic likenesses of some kind of those signers of the Declaration who are supposed to have neglected to sit for their portraits. Artists were not common in those days, and a silhouette was a precious remembrance of a departed friend. The hall will be decorated with portraits, of some sort, of all the signers except the following: Matthew Thornton, of New Hampshire; John Morton, James Smith, and George Taylor, of Pennsylvania; Carter Braxton, of Virginia; Cæsar Rodney of Delaware; John Hart, of New Jersey; John Penn, of North Carolina; Button Gwinnett and Lyman Hall, of Georgia; and Francis Lightfoot Lee, of Virginia. If there be no other way of obtaining likenesses of these worthies of the Declaration, why not employ some of our skillful portrait painters to evolve portraits of them out of the depths of their immortal consciousness? It is what historical painters are doing all the time. If Jerome can paint pictures of Cæsar and Cleopatra, why may not such artists as Page and Perry paint portraits of Button, Gwinnett, and Carter Braxton?

IT is said that the late Lord Lytton has left a large quantity of MSS. which will serve as notes for a biographical memoir, and that the present Lord is solacing himself in his Portuguese exile by editing and preparing them for the press. He is also preparing for the press a novel which we mentioned a good time back, left unfinished by his father. It is in an advanced state, and will be ready in the autumn, when Lord Lytton will publish it, with a preface of his own composition. Pausanias is said to figure in the plot, and there is a description of the battle of Platæa.

IN "Nooks and Corner of the New England Coast."

by Samuel Adams Drake, is embraced descriptions, with many illustrations, of every place of past or present interest along the New England coast, from Mount Desert Island to Saybrook. While the volume is pleasant and chatty, it is also scholarly, showing much patient labour and research, and an indefatigable energy in hunting up and recording facts, legends, and traditions. The memories of other days which cluster around and in all these "nooks and corners," are poetically and appropriately woven in with a mass of historical information, which renders the volume a most valuable contribution to historical literature. The illustrations are four hundred and forty nine in number, including portraits and views, and are really very fine. Altogether the volume is very handsomely gotten up.

MR. JAMES PARTON, who used to be known as "Fanny Fern's husband," although he is likely to be remembered by his own writings when hers are forgotten, is reported to have become a permanent resident of Newburyport, Massachusetts. This old town appears to have a peculiar charm for literary people, though what the charm is beyond that of perfect quiet and a general look of decay it would be hard to discover from a chance visit. Perhaps it is the renown that attaches to the old town of having been the home of Lord Timothy Dexter, of Caleb Cushing, and of Major Ben Perley Poore that is so attractive to quiet people of literary taste.

GORE HALL, the library building at Harvard, is now very much overcrowded, and the authorities are debating whether to enlarge it or erect a new building. Mr. Sibley, the librarian, favours the latter course, and declares Gore Hall a building never entirely exempt from dampness, from which intending donors turn aside because they do not consider it fire-proof, from which the stones began to tumble down within a few years after it was erected, and which was "unfit for a library from the first, because erected in ignorance of the wants of a library." Mr. Sibley has worked in Gore Hall ever since it was completed in 1842, and ought to know something about it.

MILTON's granddaughter kept a chandler's shop as late as 1754, and died in indigence. Her existence was not recognized by the poet's friends and admirers till 1750, when "Comes" was produced at Drury Lane for her benefit—Dr. Johnson furnishing a new prologue, which Garrick recited. The receipts, which were given her, were £135.

ANOTHER portion of the long-lost originals of the Paston letters has (says the *Academy*) been discovered—those printed by Fenn in his third and fourth volumes. They were found together with a number of MSS., both of that date, and of more recent periods, which are undoubtedly part of the Paston collection, in the house of Mr. Frere, of Roydon Hall, near Diss, in Norfolk. This find is just barely in time to be of some use to Mr. Gairdner before completing his third and final volume.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for the publication of Mr. Mill's correspondence with Comte, but owing to objections which have been raised by persons who are mentioned in the correspondence, it will not be published for the present.

A MASTODON was recently exhumed in the State of New York. It had evidently met a sudden death, as a large portion of undigested food was found in its stomach, which had been wonderfully preserved by the animal charcoal surrounding it. This digested food was ex-

amined by the members of the Natural History Club of Philadelphia, with their powerful microscope, and found to consist of bark and fibres of wood, pieces of stems of plants like rushes, mosses, and many spores, and spiral vessels from higher plants. There was nothing of a terebinthine character in the food, so that pines were not eaten or did not exist.

WE are glad to hear that the whole of the first edition of the first volume of M. Van Laun's new translation of Molière has been rapidly sold off. The Secretary of the Théâtre Français—the *maison de Molière*—has written to M. Van Laun to congratulate him upon the success of his efforts to spread a taste for the works of the great French dramatist among the countrymen of Shakespeare.

THE coming volume of D'Aubigné's great work carries the reader through the Reformation in Scotland up to the death by martyrdom of George Wishart, and in Geneva during the early years of Calvin's residence there. The two volumes needed to complete the work, left nearly prepared by Dr. D'Aubigné, are to appear under the editorship of two of his neighbors and friends, the Pastor Duchemin and Prof. Binder.

"TRAVELS IN PORTUGAL," with illustrations by the Right Hon. S. Sotheran-Escourt, is a handsome volume by John Latouche, the Editor of the *New Quarterly Magazine*, in which the sketches originally appeared. The writing is easy and the observation acute, and mingled with that charity and good nature so necessary for a traveller. The illustrations, which are photographed from drawings or pen-and-ink sketches, are a charming addition to a very pleasant book.

AT Pompeii some three hundred little tablets of fir wood have been found in a box, which crumbled to pieces on being exposed to the air. They appear, so far as examined, to be tablets belonging to some money-lender. One which has been transcribed, dates from the Consulship of Q. Volusius Saturninus and P. Cornelius Scipio i.e. A.D. 56.

A NEW genealogical magazine, which will concern itself with unpublished pedigrees, wills, grants of arms, monumental inscriptions, extracts from parish registers, etc., is announced in England, to be called the *Genealogist*, and to be issued quarterly in parts of not less than 48 pp. 8vo. The editor is Dr. Geo. W. Marshall, the well-known Secretary of the Harleian Society, and editor of two of their best books. He may be addressed care of Messrs. Mitchell & Hughes, 24 Wardour Street, London, W.

WE have received a specimen number of *The Obituary*, a weekly organ of Death's doings, so far as advertised, and an amusing (?) Repertoire of Undertakers' Advertisements, Epitaphs, Sermons and Cemeteries. Can we do better than give its Contents?—1. Deaths of the Week—2. Notices of the Deceased—3. Obsequies of the Week, with Names of Mourners—4. Description of Monuments and Tombs—5. Wills, Bequests, and Epitaphs—6. Intelligence of Deaths by Telegraph—7. Deaths of Children—8. Illustrations of Cemeteries and Grave-yards! To enliven all this the Editor suggests that brewers should be interred at Aylesbury!

GLADSTONE has collected his three Essays, "The Vatican Decrees," "Vaticanism," "The Pope's Speeches," and added a new Preface. The volume will be published under the title of "Rome and the Newest Fashions in Religion."

REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM is working upon a "History of Transcendentalism in New-England," which will include biographical studies of its leaders. It will be published by the Putnams.

A testimonial was presented to Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall at the residence of Mr. F. Griffen in Kensington Palace-gardens on Wednesday, in commemoration of their golden wedding. The testimonial, which was in the form of an annuity of £100, and an album containing the names of the subscribers and letters in reference to the occasion, was presented by the Earl of Shaftesbury.

IT is said that Miss Alcott, the author of "Little Women," has already received sixty thousand dollars for her literary productions, and that "money continues to flow in." She is well entitled to it all, and may sing "Flow on, thou shining river."

"Do you enjoy going to church, now?" asked a lady of Mrs. Partington. "La me, I do," said Mrs. Partington. "Nothing does me so much good as to get up early on Sunday morning and go to church and hear a populous minister dispense with the Gospel."

MR. JOSEPH HATTON is writing for *London Society* "The True History of *Punch*," in which will appear hitherto unpublished letters of Thackeray, Dickens, Brooks, Mayhew, and Tom Hood.

The German Emperor has conferred the order *pour le mérite* upon Mr. George Bancroft of Washington, late United States Minister at Berlin, upon the poet Longfellow, and upon Professor William Stokes, of the University of Dublin.

A STUDENT stepped into the bookstore of a well-known firm in Richmond the other day, and inquired of Mr. West whether he could find anywhere a biography of Pollock. "Yes, I dare say you will find it in the *Course of Time*," was the reply.

MR. SWINBURNE is writing an article on Beaumont and Fletcher for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

"When found make a note of."—*Capt. Cuttle.*

[OUR CORRESPONDENTS will, we trust, excuse our suggesting to them, both for their sakes as well as our own—that they should write clearly and distinctly—and on one side of the paper only—more especially proper names and words and phrases of which an explanation may be required. We cannot undertake to puzzle out what a Correspondent does not think worth the trouble of writing plainly.—ED.]

Letters of Amerigo Vespucci.—The accompanying communication signed "J. C. S.," and dated "Providence, June 26, 1875," appeared some time back in the correspondence columns of the (N. Y.) *Tribune*:

In the "John Carter Brown Library" there is a small book of very unpretending appearance which perhaps may never be opened except by some curious bibliophile. It is a Dutch translation of the "Letters of Americus Vespucci upon the Islands discovered in his Four Voy-

ages." An Italian edition of this little tract of 16 pages, of which only two copies are known to be in existence, one of which is in the library of the British Museum, and the other was a few years ago in the hands of a bookseller in Naples, was offered for sale by this gentleman. Copies of the catalogue of Signor Dura, in which the book was advertised, reached Paris on a certain Sunday, and on the same day four telegrams were sent to Naples by as many different persons, giving their orders for the tract. The next day, the catalogue having reached London, three telegrams were sent from that city by book collectors who were eager to secure the coveted treasure. The fortunate purchaser was a Paris bookseller, who paid for the little book not far from 2,000 francs.

The Dutch translation of the same book came into the possession of Mr. Brown in this wise: The librarian of the "John Carter Brown Library" being at Saratoga Springs in August, 1871, with Mr. Brown, received a letter from a Providence gentleman, a correspondent of F. Muller, a celebrated bookseller of Amsterdam, enclosing some sheets of a catalogue of Dutch books relating to America, which he offered for sale. Among the books advertised, was the one of which I am now speaking, printed between 1506 and 1509. The gentleman referred to, knowing Mr. Brown's taste for rare books like the one advertised, suggested that telegram be sent to Mr. Muller in the name of his American correspondent, as he would be more likely to respond favorably than if it were sent in the name of a stranger. At first Mr. Brown hesitated. The letter enclosing the sheets of the catalogue was written ten days previous. So much time had elapsed since the first issue of the catalogue, that there was every reason to suppose the coveted book would have been long since caught up by European collectors of such rarities, or by American collectors who had probably anticipated him. Considering, however, that these latter would be likely to send by mail, and that his order, if forwarded by telegraph, would reach Amsterdam a day or two at least before a letter would have arrived, he finally decided to send the following despatch: "Fred. Muller, Amsterdam (bookseller), send me by post your Dutch *Vespucius*." This dispatch was sent to Mr. Sabin of New York, with a request that it be forwarded immediately, and as those interested learned in a few hours, the request was complied with. Mr. Brown and his friend, the Hon. J. R. Bartlett, the librarian, had very little hope that the coveted prize would ever come into their hands. A week after their return home, however, a note was received from the gentleman who had sent the catalogue, enclosing a letter from Mr. Muller, accompanied by the little book itself. The following is an extract from the letter of Mr. Muller:

AMSTERDAM, August 28, 1871.

SIR: Saturday morning I was greatly surprised by your telegram to send you by mail the book of *Vespucius*, No. 24 of my catalogue on America. Just four hours afterwards I received a letter from a well-known and serious American bibliophile, Mr. Lenox of New York, to whom I had also sent the first sheet, as I was bound to that gentleman by a long and most intimate acquaintance—to you and that gentleman were the only sheets sent off—asking for the price of the same book, but your order being the first and most decisive, I have now the pleasure to send it with this letter under the same cover, and hope and trust it will reach you safely.

I remain, Sir, your most obedient,

FREDERICK MULLER.

The whole cost of this little tract of 16 pages was \$433 in gold. As I now write, the soiled, dingy book is before my eyes. I do not pretend to be able to read a single

line of it. Its four or five rude wood-cuts are about as hideous representations of human beings as one often sees. One of them represents a warlike encounter of savages, three of whom, with drawn bows, are attacking another party of three. There is about as much expression in their faces as there is in a piece of chalk.

Another is a picture of four nude natives, who look about as attractive as so many ourang-outangs. On all but four of the pages the worms, which are no respecters of either persons or books, have left their marks. I regret that I cannot translate this Dutch into my own tongue. I would like to read what was printed more than 350 years ago. Can any one of your correspondents tell me if this little book has ever been put into an English dress? Lester, in his "Life and Voyages of Americus Vespuccius," has presented to his readers translations of several of the letters of Vespuccius, giving an account of his discoveries as a whole; but I find nothing that corresponds to the title of the tract before me. I question if he knew of its existence, although he enjoyed rare facilities for the investigation of the subject upon which he has written, while he was living in Florence. If it shall appear that no English translation of these letters has ever been made, I doubt not that there are scholars in New York, boasting their descent from a Dutch ancestry, who would gladly put Americans in the way of knowing what the distinguished discoverer of their country had to relate with reference to "islands discovered in his four voyages." If the great rarity of an article enhances its value, then we may say that the John Carter Brown Library is especially rich in the possession of a book which probably cannot be duplicated. It proudly takes its place among other literary treasures in this costly collection, standing, as most probably it should stand, by the side of the original letters of Columbus, printed in 1494, announcing his great discovery. If you and I, Mr. Editor, might long look at \$450, in gold, before we would purchase at that great price so inferior a looking book as these "Letters," we may rejoice that there are gentlemen of princely fortunes who do not hesitate to lavish even large sums in the acquisition of what, in their eyes, is invested with so much value.

THETA.

Shelley's Beatrice Cenci (vol. vii., pp. 165-7).—An American friend, at present in Rome, informs me that Shelley has certainly made a mistake about the Cenci Palace. The building described by him is an old palace that formerly belonged to the Medici family. Shelley says: "The palace is situated in an obscure corner of Rome, near the quarter of the Jews." Now, the real palace is in the Ghetto, and next door to the Synagogue and the Israelite University. Shelley goes on to say: "There is a court in one part of the palace (perhaps that in which Cenci built the chapel to St. Thomas) supported by granite columns, and adorned with antique friezes of fine workmanship," etc.

When I sent my note, at the latter reference, I had not consulted Shelley's account,

and I thought that he had actually met with a chapel dedicated to St. Thomas; but I find that his chapel is a conjectural one, that "perhaps" stood amidst the "granite columns," etc.

There is no "perhaps" about the chapel. It still exists (as I have shown), though it has long been appropriated to "uses vile." The events detailed in the Tragedy by Shelley occurred in the year 1599. The chapel was built in 1576, twenty-three years before the murder of the wretched count. It *may* have been built to atone for crime; but there is no proof of this. The date shows that Cenci's first wife was living at the time, and Beatrice must have been an infant, and, therefore, the chapel can have no connection with the crimes detailed in Shelley's Tragedy. When Francis Cenci erected the chapel, he may have been a pious Catholic, and unconnected with the crimes that he committed in after years, and which have branded his memory with horror and infamy.

There is a tradition in Rome that, when Beatrice was being led to execution, forty youths (members of the first patrician families) attempted a rescue, but they were overpowered by the Papal guards.

JAMES HENRY DIXON.

Head of Charles I.—Charles I. was buried in the vault of Henry VIII. in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and his coffin was opened by command of, and in the presence of, the Prince Regent, on April 1, 1813. Sir Henry Halford, who witnessed the disinterment, wrote an interesting account of the appearance and condition of the head, which was authenticated by the sign manual of the Regent. After remarking on the striking resemblance, which, even in its decayed state, it bore to the coins, busts, and especially the Vandyke pictures of the King, Sir Henry goes on to say:

"When the head had been entirely disengaged from the attachments which confined it, it was found to be loose, and without any difficulty was taken up and held to view. It was quite wet, and gave a greenish red tinge to paper and to linen which touched it. The back part of the scalp was entirely perfect, and had a remarkably fresh appearance, the pores of the skin being more distinct, as they usually are when soaked in moisture, and the tendons and ligaments of the neck were of considerable substance and firmness. The hair was thick

at the back part of the head, and, in appearance, nearly black. A portion of it, which has since been cleaned and dried, is of a beautiful dark brown colour. That of the beard was a redder brown. On the back part of the head it was more than an inch in length, and had probably been cut so short for the convenience of the executioner, or perhaps by the piety of friends soon after death, in order to furnish memorials of the unhappy king.

"On holding up the head to examine the place of separation from the body, the muscles of the neck had evidently retracted themselves considerably, and the fourth cervical vertebra was found to be cut through its substance transversely, leaving the surface of the divided portions perfectly smooth and even, an appearance which could have been produced only by a heavy blow inflicted with a very sharp instrument, and which furnished the last proof wanting to identify King Charles I. After this examination of the head, which served every purpose in view, and without examining the body below the neck, it was immediately restored to its situation, the coffin was soldered up again, and the vault closed.

"Neither of the other coffins had any inscription upon them. The larger one, supposed on good grounds to contain the remains of King Henry VIII., measured six feet ten inches in length, and had been enclosed in an elm one of two inches in thickness; but this was decayed, and lay in small fragments near it. The leaden coffin appeared to have been beaten in by violence about the middle, and a considerable opening in that part of it exposed a mere skeleton of the king. Some beard remained upon the chin, but there was nothing to discriminate the personage contained in it. The smaller coffin, understood to be that of Queen Jane Seymour, was not touched, mere curiosity not being considered by the Prince Regent as a sufficient motive for disturbing these remains."

I may remark that the King's hair was not cut short for the convenience of the executioner, as Sir H. Halford supposes it might have been, as in the report of the execution given in the *State Trials*; it is mentioned that "he called to the Bishop for his Night Cap, and having put it on, he said to the Executioner, 'Does my hair trouble you?' who desired him to put it all under his Cap, which the King did accordingly, by the help of the Executioner and the Bishop." And, subsequently, "Then the King said to the Executioner, 'Is my Hair well?'"

H. A. KENNEDY.

Musical and Typographical Chronology.

—The subjoined chronological list of some eminent composers, and the works by which they are best known, will be found convenient for reference, and will, I trust, be equally interesting as the "Bibliographical Chronology," printed on pages 117-8 of your last:

1684—1759. Handel, George Frederick: *Judas Maccabæus*, *Samson*, *Moses in Egypt*, *Israel in Egypt*, *Messiah*.

1685—1750. Bach, John Sebastian: *Passion Music (Nativity) Fugues*.

1714—1774. Jomelli, Niccolo: *Didone*.

1714—1787. Gluck, John Christoph: *Iphigenia*.

1726—1814. Burney, Charles: *Robin Hood*, *Queen Mab*.

1732—1809. Haydn, Joseph: *Creation*, *Seasons*.

1756—1797. Mozart, Wolfgang Amadeus: *Marriage of Figaro*, *Don Juan*, *Sonatas*, *Magic Flute*, *Requiem*.

1760—1842. Cherubini, Carlo: *Requiem*.

1770—1827. Beethoven, Ludwig von: *Fidelia*, *Sonatas*, *Symphonies*.

1778—1837. Hummel, John Nepomuk: *Concertos*, *Sonatas*.

1780—1855. Bishop, Henry Rowley: *Songs*, *Glees*.

1784—1859. Spohr, Louis: *The Alchymist*, *Fall of Babylon*.

1784—1871. Auber, Daniel François Esprit: *Crown Diamonds*, *Massaniello*, *Fra Diavolo*.

1786—1826. Weber, Carl Maria von: *Preciosa Der Freyschutz*.

1791—1833. Herold, Louis Joseph Ferdinand: *Zampa*.

1792—1868. Rossini, Gioacchino: *Tancredi*, *William Tell*, *Barber of Seville*, *Stabat Mater*, *Mose in Egitto*, *Cenerentola*, *Messe Solennelle*, *Semiramide*.

1794—1863. Meyerbeer, Giacomo: *Robert le Diable*, *Huguenots*, *Prophet*, *L'Africaine*, *Dinorah*.

1794—1870. Moscheles, Ignaz: *Sonatas*.

1797—1828. Schubert, Franz: *Songs*.

1798—1848. Donizetti, Gaetano: *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Fille du Regiment*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Linda di Chamounix*, *Don Pasquale*, *Anne Bolena*, *Parisiana*, *Belisario*, *Favorita*.

1799—1862. Halévy, Jacques François Fromental Elie: *La Juive*.

ORPHEUS.

The following chronological table gives authentic information as to printing.

1400. Playing cards were first printed from blocks, in Europe.

1440. John Genesteish, surnamed Gutenberg, first printed from wooden blocks in alphabetical language.

1445. John Meydenbuch assists Gutenberg and Faustus in printing. Faustus and Peter Schoeffer invent movable metal type, and the puncheons, moulds and matrices for casting them.

1462. Faustus printed the Bible, copies of which he sold as high as 500 crowns apiece. Having reduced the price to 30 crowns, by the use of the printing press, he was believed to be in league with the devil, and had to explain his art to save his life.

1466. *Cicer de Officiis* was printed by Faustus, who soon after died.

1473. Greek was first printed.

1474. Printing first practiced in England.

1475. First almanac printed.

1495. Wynkin de Worde printed the first book upon paper manufactured in England.

1499. First geographical work printed in Spain.

1501. Inquisition at Venice to check the spread of knowledge by the printing press.

1522. Hebrew was printed in Germany.

1532. Gazettes first published in Venice, and so named from a coin called a gazetta, which was paid to hear them read.

1537. The first book on longitude, written by Nonius, was printed in Portugal.
 1554. First alphabet for deaf and dumb printed in Spain.
 1571. Printers in Paris authorized to wear swords as a mark of respect.
 1576. Book of Diophantine Algebra first printed.
 1588. *English Mercuria*, a pamphlet printed, being the first attempt at periodical literature.
 1603. First Decimal Arithmetic published in Flanders.
 1612. King James' Bible, the edition now in use, after seven years of preparation, was printed.
 1615. Napier's Logarithms printed.
 1639. First printing in United States done at Cambridge, Mass.
 1649. First Code of Pension Laws printed.
 1661. *The Public Intelligencer*, by Sir Robert L'Estrange, the first newspaper printed in England.
 1665. First treatise on insurance published.
 1705. *Boston News-Letter*, first newspaper in United States, published by John Campbell, a Scotchman.
 1706. Dr. Franklin, the American printer, was born in Boston.
 1709. *Weekly Mercury*, first paper printed in Philadelphia, established.
 1728. *New York Gazette*, first paper printed in New York.
 1731. Printing first attempted in South Carolina.
 1732. First printing paper made in United States.
 1737. First printing done in Georgia.
 1746. *Maryland Gazette* first issued.
 1755. Johnson's Dictionary printed in England.
 1771. Printing in Louisiana.
 1797. First printing in Mississippi.
 1799. *Mississippi Gazette* printed at Natchez.
 1814. Printing in Alabama first attempted.

ALDUS.

Central America and Southern India.—I wish to call the attention of students of ancient languages and writing to a very curious coincidence. If they will look at the plates of the so-called hieroglyphics in Stephens' "Yucatan and Central America," they will notice that these are not hieroglyphics, but simply sculptured letters, filled in with some curious design, or made to resemble the human head and face. The writing is from right to left, and although the actual designs do not often occur in the same plate, yet, if the outlines and characters are taken, some letters will be seen to be constantly repeated. Again, if these letters be compared even to modern Orissa type, they will be found to resemble it perfectly as to character, only slightly ruder in outline. I have never seen any ancient Orissa writing, but it may be worth while comparing it with the sculptures. I do not know whether this resemblance has been noticed before, but may point out that

the worship of the ancient inhabitants of Central America (viz., tree, serpent, phallic, and sun) and the architectural character of their buildings are identical with those of southern and south-eastern India.

HUGH T. BOWMAN.

Savonarola.—I have just met with the following prescription in an old Italian book, printed at Venice in 1644:

"Questo è un rimedio santissimo per la testa dato da mistero Michele Savonarola.
 Recipie—Specierum aromatici rosati drag. iiiij.
 Trium sandalorum drag. ij.
 Zucchari albissimi drag. x.
 Et cum aqua bugoloso, & rosata, and fiat confectio in rotulis tres pro unaquaque dragma."

This Michele Savonarola was, I presume, the grandfather of the celebrated Savonarola. He was a distinguished physician, and invited to Ferrara by Nicolo d'Este. If all his prescriptions contained such nice ingredients, it is not surprising that he became famous. The one here given reads like the old nursery rhyme :

"Sugar and spice, and all that's nice,
 And that's what little girls are made of."

RALPH N. JAMES.

New Works Suggested by Authors (vol. vi., p. 151; vol. vii., p. 70)—

"The life of Superbus [Tarquinius] would furnish the argument for a tragedy not unlike *Macbeth*."—Seeley's *Livy*, p. 49.

"How infinitely diverting a book might be written on 'Printers' Blunders'!"—Mr. Sala in "N. & Q." 5th S. i. 365.

"There is still room for a charming volume on the literary history of the daffodil and its allies."—*Athenaeum*, May 8, 1875, p. 624.

"A history of private theatricals would be full of interest, although the materials for it would be, perhaps, difficult to obtain."—*Glasgow Evening Citizen*, April 15, 1875.

"All our religion, almost all our law, almost all our arts, almost all that sets us above savages, has come to us from the shores of the Mediterranean. The General [Paoli] observed that 'the Mediterranean would be a noble subject for a poem.'"—Boswell's *Life of Johnson* (1827 edition), p. 298.

"It would be amusing to collect out of our dramatists, from Elizabeth to Charles I., proofs of the manners of the times."—Coleridge's *Lectures on Shakespeare, etc.* (1874 edition), p. 261.

"In my happier days, while I had yet hope and onward-looking thoughts, I planned an historical drama of King Stephen in the manner of Shakespeare. Indeed, it would

be desirable that some man of dramatic genius should dramatize all those omitted by Shakespeare, as far down as Henry VII. Perkin Warbeck would make a most interesting drama," etc.—*Ibid.*, p. 156, *et seq.*

"It would form an interesting essay, or rather series of essays, in a periodical work, were all the attempts to ridicule new phrases brought together, the proportion observed of words ridiculed which have been adapted and are now common, such as *strenuous*, *conscious*, etc., and a trial made how far any grounds can be detected, so that one might determine beforehand whether a word was invented under the conditions of assimilability to our language or not."—*Ibid.*, p. 266.

NEOMAGUS.

Epitaphiana (vol. vi., pp. 71, 106; vii., pp. 69, 122).—The letter from Mr. ISELIN (No. 75, p. 122) reminds me of an epitaph I once saw in a burying-ground at Columbus, Ohio, situated near where the Union Railway now stands. After giving the name, age, virtues, etc., of the deceased, whose Christian name it appeared was Columbia, the inscription closed as follows :

"Columbia, Columbia, to Glory arise,
Thou Queen of the World and Child of the Skies."

What struck me more, perhaps, than the lines themselves, was the fact that I had recited or spoken them, and often heard others do so when a boy at school so many years before, that they had passed from my memory until recalled in this weird way. I cannot now tell who wrote them, nor where they may be found. It is my impression, however, that they were the opening lines of an ode or apostrophe to America, which formed a portion of the contents of a volume of selected pieces entitled the "Columbian Orator," which had a place as a school-book in some parts of the country nearly forty years ago. But as, unhappily, I do not now possess a copy of the volume in question, nor of the verses themselves, I must leave to some one more fortunate in this respect than myself the task of throwing light upon these points.

I do not know, by the way, where Mr. ISELIN got his agricultural maxim to the effect that blackberries never grow in a rich soil; but if he had picked, as I have often done, on the deep, black, rich loam in the bottom lands of the affluents of the Ohio River, the largest, finest, and most luscious fruit of that kind that ever passed mortal lips, I feel sure that he would be satisfied, as I am, that

the maxim is a false one. It is perhaps worth mentioning in this connection that the best wild blackberries (in that locality, at least,) do not ripen in the sun, but always on the under side of the bush or vine, and generally under the deep protecting shade of a tree or other thick clustering under-wood. S. H. K.

Washington, Aug. 4, 1875.

Bonapartiania (vol. vi. pp. 71, 153; 11, 67).—Who were "The Berkeley Men," authors of "The Napoleon Dynasty," published in New York in 1852, mentioned in THE BIBLIOPOLIST on p. 67? A notice of the book in *Harper's Magazine*, vol. v., p. 565-6, speaks of them as Americans. Allibone (p. 2737) says of Edwin Williams, that he was known as one of the two authors of that book.

SAMUEL WILLARD.

Chicago, Ill.

An Early New England Book—"Canne" (Abednego) of Boston, New England.—A New Windmill. See page 1, on the Author's Brethren in New England. Oxford, 1643.

I find the above title in a sale catalogue of Puttick & Simpson, London, 1854. Can any of your readers give an account of the work?

Boston, July 25, 1875.

J. C.

Sir T. Lawrence: Prud'hon (vol. vii. p. 126).—I believe there is no complete list of the works of Sir T. Lawrence, for which T. inquires; there is, however, in the Appendix to vol. of *The Life and Correspondence of Sir T. Lawrence*, by D. E. Williams, London, 1831, a list of portraits, 321 in number, which the artist exhibited at the Royal Academy; also a catalogue of pictures by the same, exhibited at the British Institution, 1830, 91 in all. As to Prud'hon, T. had better consult "*Prud'hon, sa Vie, ses Œuvres, et sa Correspondance*, par Charles Clément, Paris, Didier, 1872, tiré à 300 exemplaires;" also, the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, 1869-70.

F. G. S.

Stonehenge.—The following, from the "private correspondence" of the *Scotsman*, may possibly be worthy of a place among the notes of THE BIBLIOPOLIST, and its inser-

tion might be the means of procuring a probable or current reason for the spectacle referred to :

"On midsummer morning a party of Americans, who had left London for the purpose, visited Stonehenge for the purpose of witnessing the effects of the sunrise on this particular morning. They were not a little surprised to find that, instead of having the field all to themselves as they had expected, a number of people from all parts of the country side, principally belonging to the poorer classes, were already assembled on the spot. Inquiries failed to elicit any intelligible reason for this extraordinary early turn out of the population except this, that a tradition, which had trickled down through any number of generations, told them at Stonehenge something unusual was to be seen at sunrise on the morning of the summer solstice. Stonehenge may roughly be described as composing seven-eighths of a circle, from the open ends of which there runs eastward an avenue having upright stones on either side. At some distance beyond this avenue, but in a direct line with its centre, stands one solitary stone in a sloping position, in front of which, but at a considerable distance, is an eminence or hill. The point of observation chosen by the excursion party was the stone table or altar, near the head of and within the circle, directly looking down the avenue. The morning was unfavorable, but fortunately, just as the sun was beginning to appear over the top of the hill, the mist disappeared, and then for a few moments the on-lookers stood amazed at the phenomenon presented to their view. While it lasted, the sun, like an immense ball, appeared actually to rest on the isolated stone of which mention has been made, or to quote the quaint though prosaic description of one present, 'it was like a huge pudding placed on a stone.' Another very important fact, mentioned by an elderly gentleman who had resided for many years in the neighborhood, was that, on the setting of the sun at the Winter solstice, a similar phenomenon was observable in the direction of other stones to the westward. Here, then, is the very remarkable fact that the axis of the avenue of Stonehenge accurately coincides with the sun's rising at the Summer solstice, and that another line laid down in the arrangement of the stones coincides with the setting sun at the Winter solstice. Unless it is conceivable that this nice orientation is the result of chance,—which would be hard to believe,—the inference is justifiable that the buildings of Stonehenge and other rude monuments of a like description had a special design or object in view in erecting these cromlechs or circles, or whatever the name antiquarians may give them, and that they are really the manifestations of the Baalistic or sun-worship professed by the early inhabitants of Great Britain, a species of idolatry at one time also universal in Ireland, and to which the round towers of that country amply testify. If, according to Mr. Ferguson, they were the hastily-erected trophies of victories, and set up by people who lived in the very darkest epochs of our history, viz., from 400 A.D. to 900 A.D., not the least extraordinary characteristic, then, which Stonehenge possesses is the marvelous precision of orientation."

One cannot help wondering how under such circumstances this could have happened.

JAY AITCH.

Author Wanted.—I have been in search for

several years past, of the author, and the whole poem of which I quote two stanzas on the accompanying sheet from Salem, "Towns' Fourth Reader," p. 54, and have published the same in Boston, New York, Salem, Ohio, and our own paper, but received no response :

"When I left thy shores, O Noxos,
Not a tear in sorrow fell;
Not a sigh or faltered accent
Spoke my bosom's struggling swell;
Yet my heart sank chill within me,
And I waved a hand as cold,
When I thought thy shores, O Noxos,
I should never more behold.

"Still the blue wave closed around us,
'Mid the sunbeam's jocund smile,
Still the air breathed balmy Sumatra.
Wafted from that happy isle.
When some hand the strain awaking
Of my home and native shore,
Thus 'twas first I wept, O Noxos,
That I ne'er should see thee more."

Manchester, N. H. S. C. GOULD.

Webster Unabridged.—I have asked a question of nearly all the leading journals of our country, but have obtained no answer. Is it because it is too stupid? Is it because it is so universally known it requires no reply; or, is it because the editors do not know? The question is simply: What does Webster mean, or where, or to what book, or class of numerals does he refer, when he says (in his Dic.) under (for instance), "Nap"—"Class Nb. No. 20"? under "Glad"—see class Ld. No. 2, Ar.? under "Copy"—"Class Gb. No. 50"? ADMIRER.

The late M. Lévy (vol. vii. p. 35).—The Paris correspondent of the *Evening Post*, of New York, speaking of the death of M. Lévy, the well-known publisher, says :

"A curious incident is mentioned in connection with the funeral. The Chief Rabbi of the Israelites here is named Zadoc Kohn. Now, no Israelite bearing the name of Kohn, Cahn, Cahen, or Kahn, can enter a Hebrew cemetery, so that the Grand Rabbi delivered his funeral sermon at the graveyard gate."

Will some Hebrew scholar give the reason of the above interdiction? R. P. F.

Salem, Ohio.

Curious Game.—In Pepy's "Diary" (Chandos Library Edition, p. 9) the following sentence occurs :

"After this we went to a sport called selling of a horse for a dish of eggs and herrings, and sat talking there till almost twelve at night."

How was the game played, and is it alluded to by contemporary writers?

NEOMAGUS.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

"I am nothing if not critical."

Othello, II, i, 120.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.—By Gabriel Harrison. Steel portrait, 8vo. Albany: Joel Munsell, 1875.

Hitherto there have been but one or two short sketches of the life of the author of "Home, Sweet Home" written, and the whole matter of these sketches would hardly compose a pamphlet of thirty pages. Nothing relative to his eventful life beyond the date of his return to this country in 1832, more than twenty years previous to his death, has been recorded by any writer on the subject until Mr. Harrison gave to the public his full and complete biography. The memory of the author of "Home, Sweet Home" is rightly honoured in this last, best account of his life, and to all who revere his memory and applaud his genius, as well as to those who have not heretofore sought an acquaintance with his strange career, this offering of Mr. Harrison will prove alike invaluable.

The work embraces Mr. Payne's life from his boyhood to his death, his career as the young American Roscius, as a dramatist, and as consul for the United States, his opinion of celebrated actors, among the number Kean, Cooper, Cook, Booth, Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons. A detailed account of his adventures among the Cherokee Indians, and an account of Tunis, its manners and customs, written during his residence there as United States consul. His juvenile poems, never before published, as essay entitled "Our Neglected Poets," the "Tragedy of Brutus," a full account of the Payne Memorial, and a list of Payne's dramatic poems constitute the main features of this highly to be commended work.

All that there is to tell of this singular and constantly varying life of John Howard Payne has been told by Mr. Harrison, and it is a complete and well authenticated biography from first to last. John Howard Payne was unquestionably a man of genius, but one who failed to attain the highest position in any of the several professions of poet, dramatist, or actor, from the want of exclusive devotion to some one of them. His abilities did not fulfil their early promise. His faculties were never sufficiently disciplined by the healthy toil of exact study, nor was his knowledge enlarged by methodical and various acquisitions from books. His society always had a singular attraction. He was always buoyant, full of resource, always busy and always cheerful and wide-awake. What is most pleasant to remember about him is, that a life begun in some respects so unpropitiously should have passed to its end so blamelessly and so happily. To be the spoiled child of public enthusiasm and not to be a ruined man; to lose the huzzas that have cheered one on at the threshold of life and not become *blase* or a misanthrope; to be made drunk with admiration in the feebleness of one's teens and not wake to a chronic imbecility

or spleen, bespeak the presence of elements of a noble nature.

As to Mr. Harrison's biography it is proper to add that it has been written as a labor of love, and bears upon every page signs of an affection that no hope of gain ever awakens. The edition of the work issued is so limited that before many years it is certain to take rank among the rare books of the country. The facts which Mr. Harrison has by an almost unexampled industry gathered together will hardly be more highly valued by the students of early American literature and biography than the volume will be esteemed by lovers of fine books for its artistic qualities as a product of the press. The typography is admirable, the paper is rich and fine, and—a thing dear to all true book men—the margins are fair and ample. The book is dedicated to the members of the Faust Club, of this city, an organization of which Mr. Harrison was one of the first members, and to whose liberal-mindedness the public owe the fine bust of Payne which adorns Prospect Park, in the vicinity of the dairy house. If Mr. Harrison had not been a member of the Faust Club it is hardly conceivable that Payne's features would ever have been cut in bronze for Brooklyn; but if the Faust Club had not been called into existence it is more than doubtful that Mr. Harrison's book would ever have been penned, for it has clearly been inspired and concluded in an atmosphere of genial fellowship.

For the information of the public it need only be added that the book is obtainable only by subscription, and that those who would possess themselves of it must make personal application without delay.

POETICAL AND DRAMATIC WORKS OF THOMAS RANDOLPH.

Now first Collected and Edited from the early copies and from MSS., with some Account of the Author, and occasional Notes. By W. Carew Hazlitt. London: Reeves & Turner, 1875.

Mr. Carew Hazlitt's practised hand has never been better or more successfully employed than on this excellent edition of this early poet, who added a very fair share of lustre to the reigns of James and Charles I. Randolph took his early flight under the former king, and brought it to a too early close under the latter. Less than thirty years formed the space of the poet's life—barely a dozen of working years within that space: yet see what genius and industry could accomplish hand-in-hand. More than half-a-dozen plays,—for one, at least, has perished in manuscript,—among which "The Muses' Looking-Glass" will ever demonstrate the master-hand. There with hundreds of verses, grave and gay, pious, and, in present view of things, a thought profane: light as air, and solid as the earth; verses to charm a passing hour, and others to charm the memory fond in retaining them. We have no belief in the suggestion that Randolph shortened his life by too liberal devotion of his time among the tipplers. This suggested breakdown of a career has nothing better to make it pass than a "probably." A man of extremely riotous life could never have found leisure or wit for such work as Randolph accomplished. We congratulate the publishers on the very convenient form of this edition, and also on their having the services of an editor who seems to have thoroughly understood and perfectly enjoyed his work. One who knew Randolph said that the poet "loved sack and harmless mirth." If the mirth was harmless we may be sure that the sack was not quaffed to excess.

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WILLIAM SHARP, ENGRAVER. With a descriptive catalogue of his Works. By W. S. Baker. Sm. 8vo, pp. 121. Philadelphia: Gebbie & Barrie. 1875.

This little volume contains a fairly well-written and intelligent memoir of Sharp, and what seems to be a comprehensive and thorough catalogue of his works. A heliotype copy of his engraving of his own portrait is prefixed to it. We cannot but wish that Mr. Baker had done such honour to the old engraver as to employ one of our engravers to reproduce this portrait on the diminished scale required, instead of allowing the inartistic process of sun-engraving to give us a reproduction that would have excited Sharp's bitter indignation. Sharpe was a true artist, and at his best an admirable engraver. His work in portraiture in the maturity of his power may stand comparison with the best, not only in fineness and firmness of technical execution, but in the subtle rendering of character through exquisite draughtsmanship, and in thorough appreciation of the limits of his art and its relations to nature and to painting. His engraving of Reynolds's portrait of John Hunter is in its way as good as the original, and is likely long to outlast it. To all collectors of good engravings of the English school this catalogue will be indispensable. We wish that Mr. Baker might give us equally careful monographs of other noted engravers.

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS OF THE BRITISH WEST INDIES, FROM THE EARLIEST DATE. With Genealogical and Historical Annotations, from Original, Local, and other Sources, illustrative of the Histories and Genealogies of the Eighteenth Century, the Calendars of State Papers, Peerages, and Baronetcages; with engravings of the Arms of the principal Families. Chiefly collected on the spot, by Captain J. H. Lawrence Archer. Thick 4to. London, 1875.

The above title-page explains the purpose of this magnificent quarto volume. We need only add that Captain Archer has reacted the part of Old Mortality, in the British West Indies, but with more extensive purposes, and under infinitely greater peril. His labors serve to connect the history of home with that of the colonies. The difficulties of the work, as regarded Jamaica, are thus alluded to by him:—"In Jamaica most of the handsome old mausoleums, being secluded from the town, and partially concealed by gigantic cacti, cashew, and man-grove trees, have been, from time to time, broken into and plundered, the leaden coffins stolen, the marble tablets carried off and sold again for the like purposes, and the empty vault left for the lugubrious picnics of the 'dangerous' or, at any rate, idle classes, whose broken bottles, mingled with the relics of humanity, bear witness to the revelries by which they have been desecrated." The searchers after quaint names and quainter epitaphs will find here what they seek; but the volume has far higher objects than the satisfaction of such research. The history of the island is told in a way to show how much can be detailed when a writer is gifted with the power of condensation. Jamaica, it is said, takes its name from St. James, the patron saint of Columbus; but this is so like the old Indian name Xaymaca, isle of springs, that we incline to the latter as the one from which Jamaica is derived.

OBITUARY.

"The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones."
Julius Caesar, III, ii, 80.

Andersen.—The cable despatch announcing the death of Hans Christian Andersen gives the final intelligence of a career which, on the whole, was singularly fortunate and happy. We have indeed his own word for this, for in one of his books he has made the remarkable statement that were his life to be lived over again he could not ask that anything in it should be altered; yet his life was no exception to the general rule that the penalty of genius is suffering. Though he could look back on his early years with that pure content inspired by a true religious sense there is no doubt that his childhood and first years of youth were only prevented from being profoundly unhappy by the soundness of his disposition and the buoyancy of his hopes of the future. His father belonged to a family that had once been rich, but for all that his child was the son of a poor shoemaker, discontented, naturally, with his lot, and seeking relief for his feelings in telling his children and friends stories of the former splendor of the family. This was hardly the education to encourage content and submission: but, to make matters worse, the boy, who was a sensitive, delicate, imaginative child, lost his father when he was only nine years old. He learned to read and write, and but little more, at a charity-school, and after his father's death he was sent to work at a factory, where he made his first acquaintance with the coldness and ingratitude of the world, the workmen, whom he tried to amuse by singing and reciting passages of poetry, giving him abuse and blows in return. Notwithstanding the aptitude which he early showed for dramatic literature, his mother determined to apprentice him to a tailor, while he, on his part, was trying to get some common employment about the theatre at Copenhagen. Misfortune seemed, however, to cling fast to him, and he was rejected on account of his awkwardness and ignorance, and obliged to apply to a joiner for employment. This occupation, for some reason, soon came to an end, and Andersen was thrown upon the world in a strange city at the age of fourteen, without money or friends. There was nothing left to try but his voice, which was a promising one, and he applied to the director of the Royal Conservatory, who found means to have him educated as a singer for the stage. At the end of six months his voice gave out. For two years he struggled on as well as he could, when suddenly the tide turned, and, his talents of one kind and another beginning to attract attention, the director of the theatre obtained permission of the king to have the boy educated at the public expense. At the age of twenty-three his success began with the publication of 'A Journey on Foot to Amack.' His poems and novels—particularly the 'Improvisatore'—soon gave him a world wide reputation, but it is probably his stories for children which have made him best known and most endeared him to people of our race. He was fortunate in having for his translator Mary Howitt, who, though she may not have caught all the delicate shades of the original—if there can be said to be any original in the case of a writer who is equally enjoyed in any language—she certainly got the spirit of his humor, of his pathos and his simple morality. His stories for children might be regarded, if we did not know Andersen to have been a born story-teller, as won-

[Aug.,

derful *tours-de-force*, so remarkably do they unite the interest of the old-fashioned fairy-tale handed down to us from generation to generation from our Aryan forefathers with the more subtle and refined interests that appeal to the conscience and heart. It is this last feature which makes his stories something beyond mere children's stories; so that the child who has read them may in later life read them between the lines, and find a deeper meaning in the chequered career of the little Tin Soldier and in the wonderful adventures of the Snow Queen than he dreamt existed before. It is impossible to believe that these charming stories could have been written except by one who had in his childhood often 'eaten his bread in tears'; and so we, too, who have read them, may say with Andersen, though more selfishly, that we should have regretted it if even his early life had been other than what it was.—*The Nation*.

At the meeting of the N. Y. Liberal Club, August 13, the Life and Character of Andersen was the subject of a paper read by an accomplished *littérateur*—Prof. I. K. H. Wilcox, who was followed by several Danish gentlemen and members of the Club, who made brief but eulogistic remarks. Among the audience were fifty members of the Danish Society, headed by their Vice-President, Mr. Mariager. At the rear of the President's seat hung the Danish and American flags, and in front was a portrait of Hans Christian Andersen, draped with similar flags and crowned with a wreath of flowers, bearing in black letters the initials, H. C. A.

Cairnes.—On Thursday, July 9th, at the too early age of fifty-one, died Professor Cairnes, an eminent political writer and thinker, and one of those whose sad story might illustrate the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. For many years Dr. Cairnes had been subject to a paralysis or "creeping illness," to quote the (*London Times*), which gradually deprived him of ability to work, although his brain was as clear in working out a problem as ever. The following, from the *Daily News*, summarises his work and refers to his illness: "His more recent writings were produced under conditions which would have paralysed the energies of a less vigorous and disciplined mind and character. His 'Essays in Political Economy, Theoretical and Applied,' his 'Political Essays,' his 'Leading Principles of Political Economy,' and his 'Logical Method of Political Economy,' were all of them either written or re-written with the light of later thought and knowledge, during the long illness which has now terminated. Besides these works he contributed many papers on political, economical, and philosophical subjects to the *Fortnightly Review*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, and other periodicals." Dr. Cairnes was of Protestant stock, and the usual vigor of Irish Protestantism might still be traced in him, notwithstanding his recent absorption by political economy, in which he followed J. S. Mill. Together with his clever work on "The Slave Power," which was at once an illustration from history of one form of social and industrial organisation, and an explanation from economical principles of the course of events that led to the War of Secession, the writings to which we have referred gave Mr. Cairnes a foremost place among English economic writers since the death of Mr. John Stuart Mill. He worthily continued the school of which that eminent writer was the representative, and which in its earlier period counts the names of Adam Smith and Ricardo. Like the late Mr. Mill and Adam Smith, Mr. Cairnes brought varied literary accomplishments, historic knowledge, and acquaintance

with the methods and results of scientific investigation to bear upon his special pursuit. From his retirement he watched with the strongest interest the social and political movements of the time, which he judged with keen penetration and by a high moral standard. He was born at Drogheda in 1824, educated at Trinity, and was successively Professor of Political Economy at Queen's Coll., Galway, the University of Dublin, and the University Coll., London. Dublin had conferred on him the honorary degree of LL.D.

Drake.—In the death of Samuel Gardner Drake at Boston, on the 14th ult., the students of American History have lost a writer who has contributed largely to their instruction. Mr. Drake was born in Pittsfield, N. H., in 1798, and when thirty years old removed to Boston, where for a great many years he continued in business as a bookseller. During that period he not only sold old and curious books, but collected and studied them, and published many interesting and valuable works. His two hobbies were genealogy and the history of the Indians of New England. In relation to the latter subject he published "The Book of the Indians," "Indian Captivities," "Indian Biography," "The Old Indian Chronicle," and also most carefully edited editions of Church's "King Philip's War," Mather's "Relation of the Wars with the Indians," and Hubbard's "Indian Wars." He also edited Mather's "Wonders of the Invisible World," and Calef's "More Wonders," besides publishing "Annals of Witchcraft in the U. S." In 1810, he issued a "History of the Five Years' French and Indian War." Mr. Drake was also the author of the best history of Boston yet produced; and he made great collections for his work. It was not, however, a success either financially or as a local chronicle. Projected on too large a scale, it might better be termed a history of Massachusetts from a Bostonian point of view. Still, it contained a great deal of local history not elsewhere to be found, and possesses a solid value as a contribution to the history of the times. Some three years ago, the city voted a subscription of \$5,000 towards the completion of the work, but the infirmities of age compelled the author to decline the tardy recognition of his services. It was as a genealogist, however, that Mr. Drake gained his most enduring fame. He was the real founder of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, for he established and conducted its quarterly magazine—the *Register*, and thereby placed the association on the high road to success. For many years he edited the magazine, and though he wrote few elaborate genealogies, he revised and amended many, and he most cheerfully gave from the stores of his knowledge to all inquirers. To the disinterested enthusiasm of such men as Drake, and the still living Joel Munsell, of Albany, and John Ward Dean, of Boston, the credit is due of having kept alive the spirit of inquiry, or rather of having planted and protected the little twig which has now grown to be a vigorous tree. Mr. Drake's principal publication in this branch was entitled, "Result of Researches Among the British Archives," giving all the information, as we pointed out a few months ago, to be found in Hotten's more pretentious volume, recently issued. As a collector of rare books, Mr. Drake was indefatigable. His first collection was sold, we believe, to Mr. George Brinley, of Hartford, a second mainly to the British Museum, and a third was in his possession at the time of his death. He was the recipient of many honours from learned societies, but at home certain unfortunate asperities in literary discussions prevented perhaps an adequate reward. He was enthusi-

astic in defence of his own beliefs in historical matters, and an unnecessary sharpness of language aroused enmities which now seem strange and senseless. Still, no man asked less of the public than he did, and the sum of his long labours is enough to keep his memory green for many years.—*Nation*.

Pugin.—The death is announced of Mr. E. W. Pugin, the distinguished English architect. This event took place on Sunday last, after a brief illness. Mr. Pugin was the eldest son of A. W. Pugin by his second wife (born Louisa Burton), and was born March 11, 1834. He succeeded to his father's practice when only seventeen years of age, and showed considerable powers, designing several works of importance. The younger architect's principal works were the completion of Scarisbrick Hall, which his father began; the Belgian church of Notre Dame de Dadezell; St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, Durham; St. Michael's Priory, Belmont, Herefordshire; the Church of SS. Peter and Paul, Cork, etc.

Rémusat.—One of the most distinguished exponents of the system of philosophy of which Victor Cousin was the oracle passed away last week. M. Charles de Rémusat was in his seventy-eighth year, being of the same age as M. Thiers, and up to the last moment of his life he was devoted to study, culture, and public affairs. He belonged to a generation that did not devote itself to literature to the exclusion of politics. Here we can only speak of the thinker and the writer. M. Charles de Rémusat was at first occupied with law studies, and a little book of his on criminal procedure met with marked consideration. From legal studies Charles de Rémusat transferred his attention to the press, and he contributed to Paris papers from 1820 to 1830. The talent shown by him in the defence of Liberal ideas caused him to desert literature for nearly ten years after the accession of Louis Philippe; but when M. Guizot came into power he found time to return to literary labour. It was then that he was elected member of the Académie Française and Académie des Sciences, Morales et Politiques, as successor to Royer-Collard and Jourdroy. He justified these honours by writing the most brilliant of his philosophical essays at that time. Politics again absorbed him in the last years of the constitutional monarchy, and it was only after the accession of Napoleon III, that, having retired into private life, he returned to his books. All his contributions to literature will not, probably, bear the test of time; but there are some, like his lives of Bacon and Channing, which are justly considered as masterpieces in the class to which they belong. Charles de Rémusat was familiar both with English and with German. He has translated into French five of Schiller's plays, and he discoursed learnedly before the Académie on divers systems of German philosophy.

Rich.—We regret to record the death of Mr. Elihu Rich at Margate, England, June 11, 1875. He was born October 8, 1818, of Swedenborgian parents, and was all his life a devoted student and follower of that voluminous writer. For the first half of his literary life he was engaged on important works for the Swedenborgian Society, of which, for many years, he was the secretary. He wrote the life of Swedenborg; he was joint editor of the "Cyclopaedia of Universal Biography," and was the translator of several books, amongst them, "Marcy's Travels in South America," 2 vols. 4to. He for a time edited the *People's Magazine*, and also edited and wrote for *Vanity Fair* during the editor's absence in France in 1870-71. He was joint-editor and leader-writer for the *Broad Ar-*

row, from its third number till his last illness. He also wrote a Popular History of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71, 2 vols. imperial 8vo, 1,158 pp. He was a constant contributor to many magazines and newspapers. Amongst his papers there has been found a critical paper on Robert Browning's "Sordello," which it is expected will be shortly published. He was a fellow of the Royal Historical Society, also of the Statistical Society.

Thomson (Doesticks).—The widely-known humorous writer, Mortimer Thomson, better known by his *nom de plume*, Q. K. Philander Doesticks, P. B., died in this city June 26th, at the age of forty-four years. He was born in Rochester, N. Y., was educated at the University of Michigan, and at the age of twenty-four came to this city and engaged as a clerk in a jewelry house. During a vacation he wrote some letters to the *Detroit Advertiser*, which attracted the attention of Mr. Charles A. Dana, then managing editor of the New York *Tribune*, and he was offered and accepted a place on that journal. His amusing sketches in the *Tribune* are well remembered, but he also did work of a more serious character, at one time holding the position of dramatic editor, at another time visiting the South in disguise as a correspondent. His best known books are, "The Witches of New York," "What He Says," "Nothing to Say," a burlesque on "Nothing to Wear," "Pluribus," containing a burlesque on "Hiawatha," and the "History and Records of the Elephant Club." Personally, Mr. Thomson was genial and generous almost to a fault. He was twice married, his first wife being the daughter of General Clive, of Minnesota, his second the daughter of "Fanny Fern."

Upham.—The Rev. Charles Wentworth Upham died in Salem, Mass., on Monday, June 15th. He was a native of Maine, and a graduate of Harvard, and also of the Cambridge Theological School. After preaching for some twenty years in Salem, he resigned his pastorate on account of a bronchial trouble. In 1832 he published his best known work, a "History of Salem Witchcraft," and he prepared a "Life of Washington," at the request of the Board of Education of Massachusetts; but its publication was interdicted by Mr. Sparks, on the ground of its being an infringement of his copyright of the "Writings of Washington." Some ten years afterwards, however, Mr. Upham's "Life of Washington" was published in London, where it had a large sale. In 1845-6 he was editor of the *Christian Register*. In 1852 he was elected mayor of Salem, and was afterwards elected to the legislature.

BOSTON LIBRARY.—The report of the Boston Library for 1874, shows the total number of volumes in the library to be 276,922, an increase of 16,372 during the past year. Of these, 221,049 are contained in the Central Library, and 55,863 in the six branches. The total number of issues during the 366 working days of the year was 758,471 volumes, exceeding last year's by 132,975. Part of this increase, however, is to be attributed to the opening of the Dorchester branch, which, in the three months of its existence, has circulated 26,077 volumes. Since 1867, 90,782 persons have applied for the use of the library, of whom 14,599 were entered last year. The periodical reading rooms were opened 359 days, in which time they were visited by 249,870 readers, who used 348,772 magazines. The number of books lost during the year was 85—one of every 9000 of circulation. The number of donators during this period was 1091, who contributed 4162 volumes and 15,889 pamphlets.

SHAKESPEARIAN GOSSIP.

BY J. PARKER NORRIS.

" Publish we this."
Cymbeline, V, v, 478.

J. Parker Norris, who has kindly taken charge of this department of the BIBLIOPOLIST, wishes us to acquaint our readers that he is responsible only for those paragraphs which are written by him. Those which appear over the signatures of others are published as received, and he does not necessarily endorse all that is published. These columns are free to all, and it would be obviously unfair to award to him either praise or blame for that which he is not responsible.—ED.]

No more astonishing fact connected with the annals of bibliomania exists than the difference in the price of the original folio editions of Shakespeare in the early part of the present century and the present time. In 1824, Thorpe, a bookseller in London, had a set of the four folio editions of Shakespeare, of 1623, 1632, 1664, and 1685, for which he asked £100 if bought together; or, if purchased separately, £65 for the first folio, £10 10s. for the second, £25 for the third, and £6 6s. for the fourth. Mr. Pickering (the celebrated publisher and bookseller) had another set of the four folios for which he asked £95, and Dibdin (from whom we have gleaned these particulars)* says of the first folio contained in this last mentioned set: "The copy of the first edition is both tall and wide; being thirteen inches in height by eight and a half in width. The title-page is genuine, but inlaid: the opposite verses are genuine. The latter end is a little tender. Upon the whole, a sound and clean copy, in handsome russia binding." Such a copy of the first folio alone would now be worth from £250 to £300, and the other three folios would run the value of the set up to £450 or £500. The same authority also states that the Messrs. Arch (then prominent booksellers in London, i. e. in 1825) had a copy of the second folio for £5 5s., and Payne & Foss "mark a fine copy of it in the original binding, with the portrait, at £8 8s." A fine copy of the second folio is now worth from £50 to £60. Dibdin further states that then (1825) the fourth folio "may be worth about £3 13s. 6d. to £5 5s., according to condition."

* Dibdin's "Library Companion," 2d edition, 1825, p. 823.

£25 will not buy a good fourth folio at the present time.

MR. F. W. COSENS, of London, well known to Shakespearians for his excellent translations of Spanish plays, having a like plot to those of Shakespeare, sends us the following:

THE "FELTON" PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE.

This celebrated picture forms part of an estate in course of administration under orders of the Court of Chancery. It is generally supposed to be the portrait from which Droeshout engraved his plate of the first published portrait of Shakespeare, and has the reputation of Ben Jonson's testimony of its resemblance to the immortal bard.

" This figure that thou seest here put," etc., etc.

The portrait is painted on wood, life-size, little more than the countenance remaining; on the back is an inscription in writing of an early character, Gu Shakespeare, 1597, R. B., these two letters indicating Richard Burbage, a well-known player and artist contemporary with Shakespeare, and to whom report has always given the honour of painting the only portrait for which Shakespeare sat."

Bought in at sale, April 30, 1870, for fifty guineas.

The following refers to another portrait:

The following is in the handwriting of Mr. Henry Graves, printseller, publisher, and dealer in works of art, in reply to my inquiry:

" A fine portrait, of which a long account was given in the *Times* (London newspaper) at the time the Bishop of Ely purchased it, was sold at the Bishop's sale (it had been valued at over £1,000) at Christie & Manson's salerooms, King-street, St. James' Square, London, April 10, 1864 or 1865 (the figures are a little indistinct) and was bought by Mr. Henry Graves, who afterwards at the tercentenary (April 23, 1864) presented it to the museum at Stratford-on-Avon, where it now remains."

Mr. Henry Graves also presented to the same museum, Ozias Humphry's copy in chalk of the Chandos Portrait before the original had been cleaned. F. W. COSENS.

MR. JUSTIN WINSOR, Superintendent of the Boston Public Library, has been for some time past engaged on "A Bibliography of the Original Quartos and Folios of Shakespeare, with particular reference to Copies in America." We have recently received a copy of the Prospectus of the work, which we here reprint:

It is proposed to provide in a manual what cannot now be found in a single volume,—a sure means of testing the genuineness and state of copies of the early quarto and folio editions of Shakespeare; and the following statement will show the facilities which exist in this country for providing the material for such a work.

The Boston Public Library acquired, in 1873, the Shakespearian collection formed by the late Thomas Pennant Barton, Esq., of New York, which is the finest and most extensive in America, and surpassed but by few in

England. The collection of the early quartos and folios belonging to James Lenox, Esq., of New York, and destined for the Lenox Library, is of singular interest. What is possessed in these, and in other lesser collections in the United States, offers as full a list of the ancient quartos, with as many varieties of the folios as it is perhaps possible to acquire for America, considering their excessive scarcity, and in view of the fact that these rarities are fast becoming engulfed in public depositories in Europe, and put beyond the vicissitudes of private fortune.

Mr. Winsor for more than a year, in his Monthly Reports to the Trustees of the Boston Public Library, has been printing bibliographical data concerning all the copies of these quartos and folios known to be in America. It is now proposed to reprint these notes, enlarged and corrected from the suggestions of prominent Shakespearians in this country and in Europe, and to issue them in a volume, illustrated with heliotype fac-similes of the titles and other interesting leaves of the folios, showing different states of the Droeshout portrait, and of the quartos, making over sixty illustrations in all. These heliotypes will be made from originals in the Barton Collection, with the addition of reproductions of fac-similes made in England, in the case of copies unique, or nearly so, and which only exist in that country.

The book will also furnish a collection of opinions on the state of the text of the quartos and folios, the history of copies and of their commercial value, and other data of interest to the collector and bibliographer, including a general introduction.

The edition will be limited to 250 copies, 100 of which will be reserved for Europe. It will be printed upon a heavy paper of fine quality, the size of this sheet [folio], and bound in boards uncut. The negatives of the illustrations will be destroyed after printing. The publication will take place in the autumn of this year. The price will be \$25.00.

Subscriptions received by the publishers, and will be entered and served according to the date of their receipt. Each copy will be signed and numbered.

JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Boston, Aug. 1, 1875.

THE following verses were written by Gen. W. H. Lytle, who was killed in the late war of the rebellion. They were originally published in a newspaper, and are worthy of preservation in a more permanent form. As they refer to the same characters as Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," we print them here :

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

By W. H. LYTLE.

I.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast;
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast:
Let thine arms, O Queen, enfold me,
Hush thy sobs, and bow thine ear;
Listen to the great heart-secrets,
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

II.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more;
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore:
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
Die the Great Triumvir still!

III.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mark the lion thus laid low!
'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him;
'Twas his own that struck the blow.
His, who, pillow'd on thy bosom,
Turned aside from glory's ray;
His, who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away.

IV.

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my name at Rome;
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home;—
Seek her: say, the gods bear witness,
Altars, augurs, circling wings,
That her blood with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

V.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,
Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Light the path of Stygian horrors,
With the splendours of thy smile.
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches;
Let his brow the laurel twine;
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

VI.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Hark the insulting foeman's cry:
They are coming! Quick, my falchion!
Let me front them, ere I die.
Ah! no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell;
Isis and Osiris guard thee!
Cleopatra, Rome, farewell!

JUDGE Holmes has recently published a new edition of his work on "The Authorship of Shakespeare,"* with an appendix containing much additional matter—the most important part of which is the correspondence which passed between him and Mr. Spedding, the editor of Bacon's Works. Mr. Spedding does not believe that Bacon wrote

* The Authorship of Shakespeare. Third edition. With an appendix of additional matters, including a notice of the recently discovered Northumberland MSS. By N. Holmes. 1 vol. 8vo. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1875.

the plays of Shakespeare, and his arguments are unanswerable. Judge Holmes has done a bold thing in publishing Mr. Spedding's letters, for they completely answer the elaborate arguments of the Judge, and he thus furnishes us with the antidote to his own poison.

A MOST singular book is Mr. Jacox's "Shakespeare Diversions."^{*} Mr. Jacox takes a text from Shakespeare, and "illustrates" it with a great number of passages, mostly taken from modern writers. Many of these passages are palpable imitations of Shakespeare, and of the others, more than half have only the slightest possible connection with the text in question. Still there is much that is interesting in the book, and it may help some people to understand Shakespeare better. It shows a varied and extensive knowledge of the best writers of the present day, and must have taken a long time to compile.

We suggest that in future the publications of the New Shakespeare Society should be issued in cloth binding, instead of in paper covers, as at present. The cloth binding would cost very little, and its advantages would more than counterbalance its additional cost. Paper covers for books have entirely gone out of use in England and America (except for pamphlets and magazines), and though still used quite extensively in France and Germany, we cannot but admire the wisdom which has prompted their disuse in the former countries. It is especially desirable that the publications of the New Shakespeare Society should be issued in cloth, because the intervals of publication of the different volumes—and even parts of a volume—being very great, it necessitates the keeping of the various volumes and incomplete parts of a volume in the paper covers for a long time. Then, too, owing to the erratic manner in which the publications are issued, (Series IV. having been issued before Series II., and Series III. not yet having been published at all), we believe the members have found it utterly impossible to bind the publi-

cations for 1874 as yet. This keeping of books in paper covers for a long time is a great inconvenience—to say nothing of the damage that they sustain from use while in this condition—and we feel that we but echo the wishes of a large majority of the members when we say that the publications should be issued in cloth binding. Besides a book in a paper cover is not a book at all—at least it seems so to many—and is much more likely to be lost or seriously damaged while in this state than if bound in cloth. If the Society be too poor to afford cloth binding for its publications, let it make a compromise with its members, and give them the publications in boards, with paper backs. The paper cover has no advantage except that of cheapness, and it certainly has many serious disadvantages.

We would also suggest that the Society adopt the common-sense method of numbering the lines of the reprints in fives, instead of in fours, as at present. The five-line system is far better than the clumsy four-line method at present in use by the Society.

We desire to call attention to another matter relating to the publications of the Society, and it is an important one. On page 39 of Part I. of the "Shakespeare Allusion-Books" (1874), we find the following note at the bottom of the page, in brackets, and signed "F."—we presume Mr. Furnivall: "[Note: The head and tail-pieces, and big initials, in these reprints, are not like those of the original. The stops are partly modernized.—F.]" Now the attempt has been made to imitate as closely as possible the appearance of the original works, by "old style" type, etc., and it would have been much better not to have introduced "the head and tail-pieces, and big initials"—to quote the elegant phraseology used—and thus to have made the reprints still more resemble the originals. The system at present in vogue in reprints—of introducing ornamental letters, head-pieces, etc., not in the originals—cannot be too strongly condemned. It only tends to mislead, by making people believe they have almost a fac-simile, whereas they are grossly deceived. Neither has an editor (or director of a Society, either,) any right to modernise the punctuation of a reprint. I

* *Shakespeare Diversions. A medley of motley wear.*
By Francis Jacox. 1 vol. 8vo. London: Dalby, Isbister & Co. 1875.

this was done by Mr. Furnivall's direction, then he is not consistent, for at page 238, Part I. of the "Transactions of the New Shakespeare Society" (1874), we find a note by Mr. Furnivall, in which he says: "The retention of the old spelling was made a fundamental point in the N. Sh. Soc.'s Prospectus, because modernization of spelling falsifies the history of the forms and sounds of the English language. The Society's editions are meant to be first, critical; and secondly, popular, if people will accept them; if not, so be it." Now, if the old spelling is to be adopted, why not also adopt the old punctuation; and, as the Society's publications do not aim at being popular so much as critical, why not give us accurate reprints in every particular—spelling, punctuation and exact typographical reproduction of the original works?

OUR good friend Mr. Crosby sends us a batch of most interesting articles, some of which we print below, regretting that we have not space for all in this number.

"Chewing the cud."—S. T. P., a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, writes in the No. for February 6, 1875, p. 103—"I have long been looking in vain for an edition of Shakespeare free from what I consider an unpardonable error in *As You Like It*, Act iv, Scene 3. Instead of "Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," every edition that I know of, gives "Chewing the food, etc." It strikes us that S. T. P.'s search among the editions cannot have been very extensive, as the reading he prefers and asks for is printed in the text of both of Mr. Staunton's editions; and Mr. Dyce also admitted it into the text of his second edition (1866), and we observe that it so remains in that of his posthumous edition now being published.

The history of this emendation is quite curious. Sir Walter Scott, then the Great Unknown author of the Waverley Novels, in his charming Introduction to *Quentin Durward*, makes the acquaintance of an imaginary fine old specimen of French nobility, while sojourning for economical reasons, at a country village on the banks of the Loire. The author relates, in the drollish way, how he gradually overcame the prejudices, and wound himself into the graces of this decayed, but proud, and literary Marquis de Hautlieu; and it was on the occasion of an invitation to dine at his chateau, and while surveying its ruins, that the Marquis observed: "Here I love to sit, either at noon, when the alcove affords me shelter from the heat, or in the evening, when the sun's beams are dying on the broad face of the Loire—here, in the words of your great poet, whom, Frenchman as I am, I am more intimately acquainted with than most Englishmen, I love to rest myself,

"Shewing the code of sweet and bitter fancy."

The author proceeds to remark: "Against this various

reading of a well-known passage in Shakespeare, I took care to offer no protest; for I suspect Shakespeare would have suffered in the opinion of so delicate a judge as the Marquis, had I proved his having written 'chewing the cud,' according to all other authorities."

Thus we observe that Sir Walter Scott was not only the first to make this emendation, but that he made it unwittingly, and in entire ignorance of the fact that, so far from its being the reading of "all other authorities," every authority, from the Folio of 1623 inclusive, down to his own time, gives it "Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy." This is the more remarkable as Sir Walter shows everywhere throughout his works an intimate and loving knowledge of Shakespeare. Indeed at one period of his life, he commenced editing the Great Poet; but for some reason the edition was stopped, after the issue of two volumes of the Comedies, and the whole of it was boxed up and sent to a paper-mill. Very recently a copy of these two volumes has been discovered in the fine Shakespearian collection of the late Mr. Barton, of New York, purchased by the Public Library of Boston: and this copy is, in all probability, unique, at least in America. But to return to our "cud." It is by no means certain that Shakespeare here used the expression "chewing the cud," merely because that is a familiar expression. Mrs. Cowden Clarke remarks on this and similar passages, that it is in the manner of the poet to give to a word the effect of another by using some technicality that peculiarly belongs to the latter one. For instance, in Act iv, Scene 1, of this same play, "he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp was drowned: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos." Here "found," being the technical term for a verdict pronounced at a coroner's inquest, "chroniclers" stands for historians, while having the effect of "coroners"; and so in the passage under notice; while using the word "food," he makes it appear to be "cud" by the introduction of the word "chewing;" a term almost invariably consociated with "cud." As Grant White would say, were we editing a Shakespeare for our own use, we would feel inclined to prefer "chewing the food" of our fancy rather than the "cud."

But this Introduction to *Quentin Durward* performs a further unwitting and beneficial office in the cause of Shakespeare, by the admirable defence it offers of our old friend Dogberry's "losses"—"a fellow that hath had losses—go to,"—an expression which we are sorry to see so conservative a Shakespearian as Dr. Ingleby suspect of being a misspelling or mispronunciation of *lawsuits*. The author [Sir Walter Scott] assigns his "losses" as the reason of his present residence in France, where he happens to meet the Marquis; and he speaks so truly and so naturally of the importance which the rehearsal of a well-to-do man's losses gives him, both in his own eyes, and in the estimation of his hearers, that we hope our readers will pardon our quoting a few lines:

"When honest Dogberry sums up and recites all the claims which he had to respectability, and which, as he opined, ought to have exempted him from the injurious appellation conferred on him by Master Gentleman Conrade, it is remarkable that he lays not more emphasis even upon his double gown (a matter of some importance in a certain *ci-devant* capital that I wot of), or upon his being 'a pretty piece of flesh as any in Messina,' or even upon the conclusive argument of his being 'a rich fellow enough,' than upon his being *one that hath had losses*.

"Indeed I have always observed your children of pros-

[Aug.,

perity, whether by way of hiding their full glow of splendour from those whom fortune has treated more harshly, or whether that to have risen in spite of calamity is as honourable to their fortune as it is to a fortress to have undergone a seige,—however this be, I have observed that such persons never fail to entertain you with an account of the damage they sustain by the hardness of the times. You seldom dine at a well-supplied table, but the intervals between the champagne, the Burgundy, and the Hock, are filled, if your entertainer be a moneyed man, with the fall of interest, and the difficulty of finding investments for cash, which is therefore lying idle on his hands; or, if he be a landed proprietor, with a woful detail of arrears and diminished rents. This hath its effects. The guests sigh and shake their heads in cadence with their landlord, look on the sideboard loaded with plate, sip once more the rich wines which flow around them in quick circulation, and think of the genuine benevolence, which thus stinted of its means, still lavishes all that it yet possesses on hospitality; and, what is yet more flattering, on the wealth which, undiminished by these losses, still continues, like the inexhaustible hoard of the generous Aboulcasem, to sustain, without impoverishment, such copious drains."

In the same article in *Notes and Queries*, a correspondent brings forward what he supposes to be a new reading, in *King Lear*, IV, vi, 98:

"To say I, and no, to everything that I said: I, and no too, was no good Divinity."

For this it is proposed to read:

"To say I [aye] and no to everything that I said I [aye] and no to, was no good Divinity."

Mr. Correspondent's conjecture is an excellent one, and we believe it to be certainly right; but he should have known that the punctuation and reading he suggests are printed as the text of Mr. Grant White's edition of Shakespeare, who has a very strong note on the passage, calling the old arrangement "monstrous," and stating that it had always "hitherto" been so printed. But Mr. Grant White, also, should have known that the correction advocated was made, and the reasons for it given in almost identical words, over fifty years before he made it, by Mr. Henry James Pye, who says that it was suggested to him (Pye) by an ingenious friend. See his book, "Comments on the Commentators of Shakespeare," London, 1807, 8vo, page 295.

"CRY AIM!" "GIVE AIM."

THESE two phrases occur so frequently in the pages of our Great Poet, and are so perpetually misunderstood and confounded, that I cannot confer a more grateful benefit on my young readers than to present them with the following note from Gifford's edition of Massinger, wherein their distinct and appropriate meaning is ascertained, and fully and finally established.

In *The Bondman*, Act I., sc. 2, p. 27, of Vol. II. of Gifford's Massinger, note on *Cry aim!* the critic says:

"The phrase, as Warburton observes, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, II, 3, was taken from archery: 'When anyone had challenged another to shoot at the butts, the standers-by used to say one to the other, *Cry aim!* i. e. accept the challenge.' Steevens rejects this explanation, which, in fact, has neither truth nor probability to recommend it; and adds: 'It seems to have been the office of the *aim-cryer* to give notice to the *archer* when he was

within a proper distance of his mark,' etc. Here this acute critic has fallen, with the rest of the commentators, into an error. *Aim!* for so it should be printed, and not *cry aim*, was always addressed to the person about to shoot; it was anhortatory exclamation of the bystanders, or, as Massinger has it, of the *idle lookers-on*, intended for his encouragement. But the mistake of Steevens arises from his confounding *cry aim!* with *give aim*. To *cry aim!* as I have already observed, was to ENCOURAGE; to *give aim*, was to DIRECT; and in these distinct and appropriate senses the words perpetually occur. There was no such office as *aim-cryer*, as asserted above; the business of encouragement being abandoned to such of the spectators as chose to interfere: to that of direction, indeed, there was a special person appointed. Those who cried *aim!* stood by the archers; he who gave it, was stationed near the butts, and pointed out, after every discharge, how wide, or how short, the arrow fell of the mark. An example or two will make all this clear:

"'It ill becomes this presence to cry *aim!*
To these ill-tuned repetitions.—*King John*.

i. e., to encourage.

"'This way I toil in vain, and give but *aim*
To infamy and ruin; he will fall,
My blessing cannot stay him.'—*The Roaring Girl*.

i. e., direct them.

"'Standynge rather in his window to—cry *aim!* than
helping any waye to part the fraye.'—Fenton's
Tragical Discourses.

i. e., to encourage.

"'I myself *gave aim* thus,—Wide, four bows! short,
three and a half.'—Middleton's *Spanish Cypise*.

i. e., directed.

"'I am the mark, sir; I'll *give aim* to you,
And tell how near you shoot.'—*White Devil*."

LAUNCE.

In that exquisite scene (Act II., sc. 3) of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, where Launce describes his lachrymose parting with his family, upon his going with Sir Proteus "to the Imperial's Court," the Folio gives "the manner of it" thus:—

" this hat is *Nan* our maid: I am the dogge; no, the dogge is himself, and I am the dogge: oh, the dogge is me, and I am my selfe: I; so, so; now come I to my Father; Father, your blessing: now should not the shooe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my Father; well, hee weepes on: Now come I to my Mother: Oh that she could speake now, like a woud-woman: well, I kiss her: why there 'tis; heere's my mother's breath vp and downe:' etc.

In the latter part of this sentence there have been changes and explanations almost as many as there have been commentators; but I think none of them has hit exactly upon Launce's humour. If I may be pardoned for adding one more, I would read and point thus: "Now come I to my mother; O, that shoe could speak now, like a wood woman: well, I kiss her; why there 'tis;" etc. In reading, emphasize the word "that," and it will be seen that Launce is contrasting the different effect of grief on the two old folks. His father is struck dumb: "Father, your blessing; now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping." But his mother *cries out*, like a crazy woman, frantic with her grief: "O, that shoe could speak now, like a wood woman."

Like all ignorant people, in order more methodically to

express his ideas, Launce materializes the different members of his family, impersonating his father and mother by his shoes, his sister by his wand, the maid by his hat, etc.; and we can fancy him, when he has done taking leave of his father, turning to his left shoe, the one "with the worser sole," supposed to personate his mother, and, referring to the way in which she expressed her grief by her loud lamentations, addressing it: "O, that shoe could speak now, like a wood woman." Does not this seem more natural and characteristic of the old woman?

Theobald first read *wood* [i. e., wild, frantic] for "would," and Hanmer *shoe*, for "she" of the Folio: but all the editors, except Grant White, make the sentence an exclamatory wish on the part of Launce that "she," or "the shoe," could speak! I cannot but think Mr. White does not show his usual judgment in adopting Pope's reading "like an old," instead of "like a wood woman." The latter is more likely, from its pronunciation, to have caused the folio corruption "would;" and it is certainly more in accordance with the context that Launce's mother should speak, or cry out, not merely like an old woman, which is very tame language for Launce, but like one demented, or distracted, as the term frequently denotes, both in Shakespeare and Chaucer.

In the first part of the above sentence, all the editions, except Hanmer's, make needless confusion of the clown's attempt to describe the "perplexity" at home. Although poor Launce, whom we all love so well, was "but a fool, look you," yet he was not an idiot; he had wit enough to know what he was talking about. Hanmer printed, I cannot but think correctly, "I am the dog; no, the dog is himself, and I am me: ay, the dog is the dog, and I am myself: ay, so, so." It will be seen that all the change, worth noticing, made from the folio text, is the transposing of the words "me" and "the dog;" and by this we have at least reasonable confusion, and not unmitigated nonsense, which, I am persuaded, the Poet never intended Launce to utter.

It is astonishing how typographical errors will sometimes be continued through the different editions of an editor. The late CHARLES KNIGHT published more editions of Shakespeare than perhaps any other editor; and although we are generally told in the prefaces that each one had received his own careful revision of the Text, and moreover, when he published his *Second Pictorial*, (Routledge & Sons, 1866,) that his friend Mr. A. Ramsay had undertaken for it "a fresh collation of the various texts," yet the following mistake appears in every one of his editions, big and little, old and new, that we have examined, and I have seven of them at my hand:

Winter's Tale, IV., 3, [sc. 4 in Cambridge and Globe,] instead of

"The royal fool thou cop'st with,"

the line is misprinted

"The royal food thou cop'st with."

Again, in all his recent editions, the *Second Pictorial*, the *Blackfriars*, and even in the new *Imperial Quarto* edition now being issued by Virtue & Co., London, the word *boots* is misprinted for "shoes," in *Two Gentlemen*, I, 1, in Proteus' speech,

"For he was more than over shoes in love."

Of course "shoes" is the correct reading,—fol. "ouer-shooes."

I would not be understood as saying a word derogatory

to Mr. Knight's beautiful and valuable editions; for each and all of them I have the sincerest admiration. I believe no editor has done as much as Knight to make Shakespeare popular, or deserves more credit for a life-long, intelligent, and loving study and exhibition of his immortal Works. We merely mention the fact to show that accidents will happen even in the best regulated—editions of Shakespeare.

I READ somewhere, not long since, a statement that an earlier copy of *King Henry the Fourth* had been discovered. The copy was said to be mutilated, but to supply one word that is wanting in the text. What that word is, or where it belongs, was not stated. Is any one of our Shakespearian scholars able to inform me? If any such discovery has been made, it should be rendered accessible to the public as soon as possible; and I shall feel personally obliged for any light on the subject that may be in the possession of our Shakespearian readers.

I UNDERSTAND that the Rev. H. N. HUDSON, of Cambridge, is engaged in preparing a new Text-Book of Poetry, from Coleridge, Wordsworth, Burns, etc. It will be an educational work. Messrs. Ginn, Bros. & Co., of Boston, are to be the publishers.

During last Winter, the learned editor met with a severe fall, incapacitating him for some months from writing. I am glad that he has so far recovered as to be able to resume his labours.

For this reason, his new edition of *Shakespeare*, which was announced in February as being nearly ready for the press, has been delayed. It is receiving the editor's closest attention, and it will probably be published about the beginning of 1876.

JOSEPH CROSBY.

LIBRARIES AS LEAVEN.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED MAY 31, 1875, AT THE INAUGURATION OF THE FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY, MADISON, WISCONSIN. BY PROFESSOR J. D. BUTLER.

My subject is "Libraries as Leaven," or the relation of libraries to the increased diffusion of knowledge.

What is a Library? It is the knowledge of all brought within the reach of each one. It is an expanded encyclopaedia, or the books which are, or ought to be, consulted in compiling a perfect encyclopaedia.

Human knowledge—and hence the books in which it is treasured up—is divided by some authors into forty departments. I have their names here all written down—but I dare not read them.* You would give no more quarter

* The forty departments in Allibone's Bibliography are as follows: Metaphysics or mind, Mathematics, or the mutual relations of matter, Language, Astronomy, treating of other worlds, Geography, of our own, with Topography, voyages, travels, geology, botany, natural history, agriculture and commerce as subordinate or related topics. Then History in general, and branching into the specialties of antiquities, biography, heraldry, manners, literary history and bibliography. Next, war, politics, political economy, domestic economy, education, juvenile works, medicine, morality, divinity. Then, chemistry, natural philosophy, mechanics. Last, though not least, architecture, fine arts, games, music, drama, fiction, poetry.

to such a catalogue than the lover gave to the mercantile inventory of his sweetheart's charms, when itemized as "two lips indifferent red," "two gray eyes with lids to them," and so on.

But all these forty classes of knowledge ought to be represented in a library, and the more largely the better. They should also mingle there in due proportion, "parts into parts reciprocally shot, and all so forming a harmonious whole." "If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing?"

I once lived in a town of a thousand families, where, through a legacy, one copy of some single author was annually presented to each family. But, with the same money, a thousand different works might have been every year purchased, and all kept accessible by all the families. The result would have been a feast as appetizing to all palates as the miraculous manna which the rabbins tell us tasted to each Jew like that particular dainty which he loved best.

It is no objection to a library that no man will ever read it through. No man will read through his dictionary, and time is not long enough for a man to read all the words in the daily *Tribune*. Nor will any customer exhaust a store. Yet he demands an assortment from which to select the little that he needs. In every library most authors, bound up in congenial calf, sleep soundly in their own sheets. Yet the dust of dead men's bones, at the touch of genius, comes forth in a new life. How much that is best in Macaulay and in Buckle is extracted from bibliothecal rubbish—or reading which had never been read. Hence even Samson could not say to the jaw-bone of an ass: "I have no need of you." The wise thank God for fools. They get their living out of them, and mostly out of the greatest fools. In truth, no library is large enough. Guizot and Michelet complain of inability to consult certain books, even in that Parisian library, where books are as plenty as water in the deluge, and the shelves would reach from here to Milwaukee.

A library should be a cosmos; but it is a chaos till arrangement, catalogues and librarians bring us at once the volume we desire, and which, without them, would be as hard to fish up as the Atlantic cable lost in mid-ocean.

"Thus warlike arms in magazines we place,
All ranged in order and disposed with grace:
Not thus alone the curious eye to please,
But to be found, when need requires, with ease."

In some libraries, however, books are arranged on a system which seems borrowed from Spanish hospitals, where patients are arranged according to religious creeds, rather than bodily complaints. Every library has more volumes than I can master; but no library though it be the conflux of all civilizations, has so many volumes as I may need to consult.

Chief Justice Story used to assert that no American could test the accuracy of Gibbon without crossing the Atlantic. Such an assertion would now, perhaps, be extravagant, yet many of Gibbon's references are still hard to trace in America. One instance may be worth notice. Our approaching national centenary leads us to curiosity in reference to the secular feasts of the Romans. In Gibbon's account of the most famous among them, a thousand years from the founding of Rome, the main authority quoted is Zosimus. But the history of Zosimus you will seek in vain throughout Madison libraries. You will not find his name in the public collections of Chicago, or Cincinnati, or St. Louis, or San Francisco. It is unlikely that any single copy of Zosimus has yet penetrated west of our Atlantic slope.

But how dare I thus speak about Zosimus? How is it possible for me to know whether his history can, or cannot, be discovered, either on the Pacific shore, or in the Mississippi valley? I know it, thanks to the Library of our Historical Society, and specifically to its goodly array of bibliothecal catalogues.

Why will not our Centenary Women's Club buy our Free Library a Zosimus?

Free libraries, especially those maintained by public taxation, were scarcely known before the last half of the nineteenth century. If, in an antiquarian mood, I could indeed bring forth curious details concerning half a hundred in continental Europe, some of them running back several centuries, but I forbear. The earliest British library law, similar to ours in Wisconsin, dates from 1850. The earliest in Massachusetts—and I suppose in America—was approved May 24, 1851. The first library opened in consequence of this law was in New Bedford, March 3, 1853. The grandest triumph under the Massachusetts law is in Boston. The free library there stands to-day unsurpassed in volumes by only three or four American libraries—say the Astor, Congress, and Harvard—while in arrangement, architecture, and equipment it is pronounced by the most enlightened foreigners unsurpassed by any library in the world.

Our legislature in 1872 empowered the mayors and councils in towns and cities to lay an annual tax of one mill on a dollar of the assessed valuation, for establishing and maintaining free libraries. This law will bear good fruit. Yet it is a step backward from the act of 1859. That act created a library fund by setting apart for that purpose one-tenth of the school-fund income, and imposing a tax of one-tenth of a mill on all property. The sum of \$88,784.78 had been thus accumulated when the war of 1861 broke out,—and the money was used for military purposes. It ought to be refunded by the State, or United States, and expended for its original object. The great superiority of the law of 1859 lies in its extending to rural districts,—and so leaving no hamlet unvisited—while the maxim of the present law is, "Coals to Newcastle, owls to Athens, apples to Alcinous. He that hath—to him shall be given." It gives a library to Madison, where 40,000 volumes were already within reach, but nothing at all to five and twenty other places in Dane County, whose need of books is ten times greater. But libraries bring forth after their kind, and free libraries, we may hope, will become co-extensive with free schools.

Madison, to-day, in opening to all her sons and daughters a Free Library, has outstripped every other municipality in the State. It is a noble preëminence, and will do her honor to the end of the world.

The Madison Free Library, it may be reasonably hoped, will approximate to the bibliothecal ideal. It starts with an inheritance of 3,308 volumes, accumulated during a score of years by the Madison Institute. Its revenue is considerable, and it will grow in even pace with the growth of the city. Nothing but Adam and Minerva was ever born of full stature. The tax now assessed for it would impoverish no man till after the lapse of thrice three thousand years. It was limited to less than a third of what the law allows because we make the enterin' edge of a wedge thin, and would learn wisdom from Satan who never makes his temptations so bad at the beginning, as at the end. It is only the first step that costs. The Free Library will be ready for windfalls, and so surely as history repeats itself, they will pour cornucopias into its lap. Of the million volumes in the British Museum, two out of every five were gifts. No wonder. Book-gatherers

abhor the breaking up of their collections as we do the dissolution of the Union, or as abolitionists did the snapping of family ties by slave-traders. Lest what they have joined together shall be put asunder, they rejoice to lay up their treasures in an institution which shall never die. Accordingly, in tracing the origin of one hundred and eighty libraries in continental Europe, it has been discovered that all of them, except sixteen, were presented to the municipalities by book-lovers.

Experience this side the Atlantic is thus far equally encouraging. I will notice a single specimen. The Boston Free Library is mainly supported by the city, but its books have been largely contributed by individuals. One thousand volumes were given by Everett; 2,300 by Bowditch; 11,360 by Theodore Parker; 26,000 by Joshua Bates; 1,899 by the Old South Church, and those of greater rarity than any other equal number of volumes. Then Ticknor and Prescott bestowed the best Spanish library ever gathered by private men, and Wheewright one scarcely inferior, relating to South America. Of pecuniary benefactions, I will only mention \$10,000 from Lawrence, \$30,000 from Phillips, and \$50,000 from Bates. But legacies to the Free Library have become so common that we may confidently expect that, if any Bostonian shall die and bequeath nothing, the courts will decide the neglect of the Library to be conclusive proof of insanity, and so will nullify his will! On the whole, we cannot be too sanguine concerning the prospective progress of our book-feast for the million.

But a library, however perfect, and though freely open to all the world, may be a light shining in a darkness which comprehendeth it not. Many years ago, I was a student in such a library at Rome. It was larger than any one in America at that time, and offered the best of all its stores daily to everybody, and that without charge. Yet it was well-nigh a solitude. The reason was obvious. My walk thither was through a gauntlet of beggar-boys, and I once took with me an Italian primer, and cried out that I would give something to any boy who could read. I held it up before nineteen in succession, but no one could spell out a line. They had eschewed not only writing as tempting to forgery, but reading also as a black art. Had they been giants they could,—like the barbarians who sacked Rome,—ruin, but not relish, the nectared sweets of books. To them the collective wisdom of the world was as sunshine to the blind, or as smoke in the nursery riddle,—“roomful, houseful, can’t catch a handful!”

“Or like gospel pearls which pigs neglect
When pigs have that opportunity.”

But in regard to *our* Free Library, I have better hopes, and beg your leave to show *what use*, in my judgment, will be made of it. It will be resorted to for *amusement*. Some will flit through it in the spirit of the Viennese, who turn their central cathedral into a thoroughfare on promenades and business walks. But such visitors will learn something in glancing at the backs of books. Books, as well as men, have a physiognomy. Here, as elsewhere, the admirers of Shakespeare will take out his plays, return them with the leaves uncut, and then insist that booksellers be instructed if Mr. Shakespeare writes any new book, to forward it without further orders. Many will have no eyes except for the volumes of *fiction*, and sometimes will rather run through these than read them. Novels are a sort of cake, which, if eaten alone, is prone to make mental dyspepsies. Yet most novel-readers will gain some profit from our library. Some of them will here acquire a facility in reading which for lack of practice has

hitherto been unknown to them. No one has really learned to read, until he has read to learn. Their interest in stories will beguile the toil of becoming *ready* readers, and their range of reading will naturally widen. But if it does not, they may learn much. Every good fiction is *true*, if not to particular fact yet to general principles, to natural scenery, to human nature, to the ways of human life, manners, customs, the very age and body of the time. Even Tom Moore declares that “his chief work of fiction is founded on a long and labourious collection of facts.” Again, when worn out by work, when care-crazed, and nerves are unstrung, who has not found in fiction—the balm of hurt minds—a recreation, a city of refuge, a restorative,

“Cups that cheer but not inebriate?”

In this way our free library will be a new pleasure, and the founder of it deserves the reward offered by the Sicilian tyrant, for such an invention. Work was never so monotonous as now; accordingly, play ought to be more than ever amusing. The Kilkenny cats, who devoured each other all but the tails, left one orphan kitten which began to eat up itself, but catching sight of a mouse was diverted from suicide. There is among us more than one disconsolate kitten now destroying himself, who will in our free feast of fiction spy a mouse which will reconcile him to life, and save him from himself. The rationale of this solace is indicated after a forcible, though rather a homely fashion, in the Chinese saying: “A dog chasing game does not mind the fleas which he *barks* at while he lies in his kennel,” “The labour we delight in physics pain.”

Again, in all great works of fiction the purpose is, while not o’erstepping the modesty of nature, to show virtue her own feature, and scorn her own image. Who can count the admirers of Scott and Dickens that have learned from their portraiture moral lessons so well as never to forget them;—to loathe the mean and aspire to the noble;—to shun evil and cleave to good—in spite of temptations to one and from the other?

But, after all, our book-treasury will only now and then bestow its best gifts on those who resort to it merely for pleasure. To most visitors of this class it must remain no more than a telescope to a child, something to play with rather than to look through. Accordingly, they no more exhaust the capacities of books than the Irish made full proof of potatoes while they cooked only the balls and left the tubers to rot in the ground.

But the Free Library will be resorted to for *instruction*. Few will always hold the amusing button so close to their eyes that it will hide the instructive sun. From the start it will be superior to every private collection in the city, and its superiority will increase. Accordingly, professional men will come thither to inform themselves either each in his own specialty, or sallying on excursions from their home fields. Besides the time-honoured and traditional three professions, editors and teachers will be there, learning how to answer the hard questions of pupils and subscribers. Each of these professionals will more or less make known what he learns. The bibliothecal odor will be as plain upon them as a certain other odor is upon those who emerge from the smoking-car or saloon. “Dispensing native perfumes they whisper whence they stole those balmy spoils.” But the bibliothecal leaven will leaven the community more directly.

God has set geniuses as great lights in the firmament to give light and delight as well on the earth. The circuit of such suns is unto the ends of the heaven, and there is

nothing hid from the heat thereof. More and more pervasive is their influence, like the spring-time, which leaves no corner of the land untouched. In a library every man will recognize some supreme author transfiguring whatever he touches,—crystallizing into diamonds by wit, turning to gold with poetry, and glorifying as with tongues of angels by eloquence, and whom he hence worships as Scotchmen do Burns and as all the world does Shakespeare. Less and less do men entertain angels unaware, more and more are they ashamed to know the world's books only by name. Nobody now asks concerning *Paradise Lost*, "What does it prove?"

Moreover, the Free Library will be patronized by the people in quest of answers to multitudinous questions. Newspapers, whether in its reading-room or out of it, will rouse in many directions a curiosity they cannot satisfy, and so will urge to the library. There is a story that an Englishman in a London library, after looking through an atlas, said to a friend, "Help me find *Umbrage* on the map! I read in my gazette that the French have taken *Umbrage*. What a good-for-nothing minister is ours—to leave *Umbrage* so poorly defended that the French could take it." That John Bull discovered in the library either *umbrage*, or what was better for him—his own ignorance and the way to remove it, "taking umbrage" against himself. His gazette probably brought the same earnest inquirer to the library for *history* as well as for geography. A daily paper, which is the history of the world for one day, leads backward, as a stream carries our thoughts to its fountain. Whoever repairs to a library with one historical query will be likely to repeat his visit, since newspapers, in the light of history, will become more significant as the last chapter in a novel is more interesting to those who have read the previous chapters, and so often leads one back to them. Again, discussions are always arising, not merely in formal debates, but as we sit in the house and walk by the way. Some carry them on by assertions and counter-assertions—a strong will and a strong wont—equally positive and ignorant, discussing and sometimes leaving off the *dix*, till like Milton's devils they find no end, in wandering mazes lost. Too often "It comes to pass that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent twanged off, gives an opinion more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned it." Others back up their opinions by *wagers*, in spite of a lurking feeling that

"Bets are the blockhead's argument,—
The only logic he can vent,
His minor and his major.—
'Tis to confess your head a worse
Investigator than your purse,
To reason with a wager."

But where standard books are at hand, investigation will often either take the place of disputation, or bring strife to a speedy end.

Let us hope those here seeking props for their arguments will never be those jealous lovers of books who cannot use them without using them up, or who spirit them away for themselves alone. Such abductors have sometimes infested the libraries in the Capitol. Their thefts can be justified only by that casuistry which holds stealing the relics of saints for a pious fraud. But in truth the more holy the saint, the more heinous the sacrilege of what Hood calls *Book-anerding*.

Moreover, every lecture delivered in the city will send some investigators to the library, that they may confute, or confirm, or amplify its teachings. A lecture that pops will not be as surely popular as formerly, if the library shall evince that what is true in it is not new, and that

what is new is not true, or that the speaker draws on imaginations for facts and on facts for imaginations.

Every meeting of our Women's Centennial Club will start inquiries which cannot be answered without recourse to the library.

[To be concluded in our next.]

THE PRIVATE LIBRARIES OF PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.*

BY HORATIO ROGERS.

[From the "Providence Press."]

V.—HON. JOHN R. BARTLETT'S LIBRARY.

An English writer tells us—"Libraries are the wardrobes of literature, whence men, properly informed, might bring forth something for ornament, much for curiosity, and more for use." This is especially applicable to the library about to be described. The fact of Mr. Bartlett being a maker of books himself invests his collection of the books of others with an added interest. A glance along his shelves reveals the lines of research he delights to follow, and, at once, opens up to the observer the literary character of the man. His is essentially a working library. To suppose by that term that there is a lack of fine editions of valuable works would be a gross misapprehension. By it is meant, only, that his books are his tools, so to speak, and not merely the recreation of his leisure hours. Mr. Bartlett, it will be remembered, was Mexican Boundary Commissioner some twenty odd years ago, and the interesting "Report" of his doings, and his "Personal Narrative of Explorations," &c., must be familiar to many of the readers of this article. Of course such extensive travels over so wide a range of our continent, and the necessary contact with so many and such various tribes of the aborigines, developed tastes, the original possession of which admirably fitted him for the position he so satisfactorily filled. In 1847 Mr. Bartlett published a book entitled "Progress of Ethnology: An Account of Recent Archaeological, Philological and Geographical Researches, tending to elucidate the Physical History of Man."

One is not surprised, therefore, at finding in Mr. Bartlett's library, which contains upwards of three thousand volumes and a great many pamphlets, a large collection of Geographical works, including voyages and travels. A fine copy of Purchas' Pilgrims, printed in London in 1625-6 in five folio volumes, and the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, in forty octavos, are especially worthy of notice. Upon Africa are all the travels of the present century, as well as some earlier works, including Leo Africanus, printed in 1599, in folio. The far-off countries of the old world, and the civilizations of a dim and distant past are all described here. Upon Egypt, are the works of Bunsen, Wilkinson, Osburn, Sharp, and Champollion, with numerous others relating to Egyptian antiquity. The royal city of Nineveh, which Rawlinson tells us Sennacherib made "as splendid as the sun," finds an adequate representation here in the ele-

* So much interest has been manifested in these articles in Providence and elsewhere, as to induce their author, General Rogers, to purpose issuing them in book form. They will be thoroughly revised; some will be entirely re-written and enlarged, and descriptions of several other libraries will be added. Only a limited edition of the volume—about one hundred copies—will be printed.—Ed.]

gant work of Botta and Fladlin, published by the French government in five atlas folios, containing several hundred plates, and showing the results of French explorations. The magnificence of this famous Assyrian city with that of its Southern rival, Babylon, is still further delineated in Layard's Explorations of Nineveh and Babylon, in two folio volumes of plates, as also in a number of less pretentious works. Greece, Rome, Etruria, Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Asia Minor are well represented in books containing the most recent researches among their ancient remains. Upon Eastern Asia, are likewise some desirable works, prominent among which is a complete set of the Canton Register, in twenty octavo volumes, a work which is seldom seen entire, and which is said to contain fuller notices of China, and the countries adjacent, than are elsewhere to be found. Neither the tropics, nor the regions of the old world, nor a remote antiquity, circumscribe the travels described in this collection, for here also are to be found numerous Arctic explorations, comprising a collection of all the voyages for the discovery of a North-west Passage, and for reaching the North Pole, embracing the works of Phipps, Hearne, Parry, Ross, Franklin, Back, and Beechey, all Admiralty editions, making fourteen quarto volumes uniformly bound, together with many of less importance in octavo. In this library are a number of "Picturesque Voyages" in various parts of Europe—books elegantly gotten up in folio with hundreds of copperplate engravings representing the scenery and antiquities of the countries referred to. These immense folios seem to have been very popular fifty or a hundred years ago, when wealth lavished itself on huge tomes and costly copperplates. In our day a work is issued in a couple of quartos or octavos, numerously illustrated with wood-cuts, for from six to twelve dollars a set, that formerly would have been brought out in five ponderous folios with expensive copperplates at a cost of from \$100 to \$200. Perhaps Porson's reason for disliking folios may have also aided their increasing unpopularity. The following is from Porsoniana: "He disliked reading folios, 'because,' said he, 'we meet with so few mile stones' (*i.e.*, we have such long intervals between the turning over of the leaves)."

From Geographical subjects to Ethnology is but a step, and here, besides the Anthropological Journal and Memoirs in thirteen volumes, are the works of the chief writers who have made the study of Prehistoric man so interesting of late years—Prichard, Lyell, Wilson, Lubbock, Kemble, Nilsson, Keller, Lartet and Christie, Fer-gusson, Tylor, Wood, Stevens, and Vogt. One must not overlook in this department Watson and Kaye on the "People of India," a splendid work filling several folio volumes and containing photographic portraits from life of the various races and numerous tribes which make up the two hundred millions of the population of Hindostan. Passing on to the kindred branch of Archaeology the names of the works in it are legion. A fine set of the "Archæologia," or publications of the Antiquarian Society in London, in forty-two full calf quartos, meets the eye, as also do Gough's Sepulchral Monuments of Great Britain, in three volumes; Vetus Monuments, or Ancient Monuments of Great Britain, in six volumes; Douglas' *Nenia Britannica*, or Sepulchral History of Britain, but chiefly relating to the Britons, Romans, and Saxons, on large paper with coloured plates; Roy's Military Antiquities; Grose's Antiquities, on large paper in ten volumes; Waring's Monuments and Tumuli of Remote Ages; and Stephens' splendid work on the Runic Monuments of Scandinavia and England, in two

volumes, all in folio; and Bruce's Roman Wall, in quarto. The above mentioned works relate chiefly to Great Britain, but there are numerous volumes upon the antiquities of other countries, embracing some of the choicest, and many of the latest works upon the subject. Before passing to another branch, however, one observes that Mr. Bartlett's strength in the publications of learned societies is again exemplified in the possession of *The Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature*, in fifteen quarto and octavo volumes, a work devoted to Archæological and Philological subjects.

Another branch of the vast department already so largely dwelt upon, is Philology and Lexicography, and here, of course, the compiler of the "Dictionary of Americanisms" is very rich. Ranged upon his shelves are dictionaries from Barrett's quaint and rare old folio Alvearie, printed in London in 1580, to Dr. Latham's recent edition of Johnson in four quartos. A curious old work in this line is Hollyband's Dictionary, issued in London in 1593. Provincial glossaries of England likewise abound. A famous English author says—"Now and then a word with the American impress comes over to us which has not been struck in the mint of analogy. But the Americans are more likely to be infected by the corruption of our written language than we are to have it debased by any importation of this kind from them." The following bit of information furnishes a significant illustration of this: Mr. Bartlett told the writer that after a careful examination of the various works on English Provincialisms, he rejected from subsequent editions over eight hundred words found in the first edition of his book, as they were ascertained to be in use in different parts of England, and were, therefore, in no sense Americanisms.

The scholarly tastes of Mr. Bartlett are further indicated by his group of works on Homer and the Trojan question. A beautiful large paper copy of Du Roveray's edition of Pope's Translation of the Iliad and Odyssey, in twelve octavo volumes, the plates being proofs before letters on India paper, especially commends itself to the lover of fine books. A number of other editions of Homer, numerous essays and commentaries upon the old bard, together with the chief works on the plain of Troy, belong to this rich cluster. For more than two thousand years, from Strabo in the first century, B.C., to the recent researches of Dr. Schliemann, the Plain of Troy has occupied the attention of scholars. Indeed, this interest antedates the time of Strabo by centuries, for Herodotus tells us "On reaching the Scamander, * * * Xerxes ascended into the Pergamus of Priam, since he had a longing to behold the place. When he had seen everything, and inquired into all particulars, he made an offer of a thousand oxen to the Trojan Minerva, while the Magians poured libations to the heroes who were slain at Troy." Among some of the works upon the Plain of Troy noticed in this collection, are those of Bryant, Rennell, Mauduit, Choiseul-Gouffier, Clarke, Lechevalier, Maclaren, and last, but not least, Sir William Gell's "Topography of Troy," a beautiful folio with forty-five maps and colored plates.

One would expect to find the compiler of the "Literature of the Rebellion" possessing much relating to the war, especially as he has himself written upon that eventful struggle. Awakened expectation is not disappointed, for here is one of the largest collections of books and pamphlets relating to our late civil war, to be found in the country. The scrap-book feature is a very noticeable one. In September, 1860, when the uneasiness of the

South manifested itself in meetings preparatory to secession, Mr. Bartlett began to clip and collect from the newspapers of the day all pertaining to the conflict then impending and so soon to break upon the country. This labour he continued till peace was restored, neatly pasting the slips into folio volumes of an uniform size and properly classifying the subjects as he proceeded. The operations of each month are contained in a separate volume, the whole work extending to sixty-five volumes. Of these the Annals or History comprise fifty-four volumes; Caricatures, three; Fugitive Poetry, embracing more than two thousand pieces, two; Envelopes, one; Street Ballads, two; and Large Engravings of Battle Scenes, three volumes. This Scrap-Book series should find a place in a public library, as it is a rich granary of historical material that should be accessible to the student of that period.

Thus far solidity has characterized the works described, but volumes of a lighter character grace Mr. Bartlett's shelves, for he too has gone into the *elegantia literarum* of illustrating books with engravings not issued with them. Among these are Marshall's Life of Washington extended to ten stout quarto volumes; the two Lives of Mary, Queen of Scots, one by Chalmers, and the other, the new Life, by Petit, each in two quarto volumes, and both elaborately embellished and embracing more than forty different portraits of the unfortunate Mary. It is a little difficult to make a selection for enumeration. Perhaps as good as any of these choice nuggets are Bryan's Dictionary of Painters, the quarto edition extended to ten volumes, with its two thousand inserted portraits of painters and specimens of their works; Parton's Life of Franklin in four imperial octavos; Wiffen's Memoirs of the House of Russell with nearly two hundred portraits; and Mr. Bartlett's own "Memoirs of Rhode Island Officers," extended to two bulky quarto volumes and enriched with two hundred engravings—portraits and scenes of battles in which those officers were engaged. The private libraries of Providence are remarkable for their wealth in this costly specialty, nearly all the considerable collections having a number of these elegant volumes. At some future time it is proposed in a separate article upon "Illustrated Books" to describe how they are made, to give the sums lavished upon them, and also such other bits of information relating to this fascinating branch of bibliomania as can be compressed into the limits of a newspaper communication. Before taking leave of the made-up books, as they are called, in this collection, I must speak of Albert Gallatin's "Peace with Mexico," published by Mr. Bartlett in 1847, when connected with the well-known house of Bartlett & Welford. Elegantly bound in green morocco with the pamphlet are a large number of Mr. Gallatin's letters to Mr. Bartlett upon the work in hand. Also in the same volume are the letters of numerous distinguished men to Mr. Gallatin, or Mr. Bartlett, upon the book or its subject; and likewise bound with them are many newspaper clippings neatly pasted on to blank leaves. The whole forms a rich mass of manuscript and other material, and it is presumed furnished Mr. Bartlett with much matter for his interesting "Reminiscences of Albert Gallatin," published in 1849.

Illuminated missals on vellum, executed before the invention of printing, must not be overlooked. The zeal and the piety of the monks, who were the scholars of those days, led them to lavish much time and skill upon their work, and not only are these pious books elegantly written upon vellum, but they are also usually elaborately embellished with gilt ornaments, highly coloured

borders, and exquisite miniature paintings, representing scenes in the life of our Saviour, and other events in sacred history. As they are ordinarily without date, the peculiarities of language, calligraphy, and ornamentation, enable experts to determine their age. Mr. Bartlett has six missals, which were, doubtless, produced between A.D. 1200 and 1400.

In this library the number of presentation copies to the owner, and of books with the book-plate of the author, or other distinguished men, is quite remarkable. Thus, Wiffen's Memoirs of the House of Russell, was a presentation copy from the author to Samuel Rogers, the poet; and there is a fine copy of Hallam's Literature of Europe, from the library of the recently deceased Guizot, on the title-page of which, in Hallam's own hand, is written, "To M. Guizot, with the high respect of the Author." Association adds much to the value of a volume for some of us, and often exhales a delightful atmosphere of fancy, sometimes approaching to inspiration, around its reader. Let him, who is about to cut out or obliterate a name, or otherwise deface a book, pause and recall these words of Southey: "A book is the more valuable to me when I know to whom it has belonged, and through what 'scenes and changes' it has past; * * * and I am sorry when I see the name of a former owner obliterated in a book, or the plate of his arms defaced. Poor memorials though they be, yet they are something saved for awhile from oblivion; and I should be almost as unwilling to destroy them, as to efface the *Hic jacet* of a tombstone. There may be sometimes a pleasure in recognizing them, sometimes a salutary sadness."

VI.—GEN. HORATIO ROGERS' COLLECTION.*

This collection numbers 3,500 volumes. Much attention has been given to their condition, and first editions and uncut copies are numerous. Though historical works preponderate, this library cannot be said to have a specialty, for with the single exception of pure mathematics it would be difficult to name a subject upon which much information could not be gleaned from its shelves, and standard English literature is well represented. These books were evidently gathered together with some such views as those expressed by Judge Story in this passage from a letter to his son: "A man who always reads in one line, soon grows dull, and ceases to think, and change of study invigorates as well as amuses the mind." That good care is taken of these favourite volumes is apparent, for the cases in one room containing the most valuable bindings are not only protected by glass, but their shelves are covered with cotton velvet to prevent the edges of the books from being rubbed.

Let us open these cases and examine their contents. Here are the Archaica, and the Heliconia; and here, too, are the Ancient Critical Essays upon English Poets and Poesy, edited by Joseph Haslewood, all quartos. This particular copy of the latter is valuable, because it was presented by the editor to Thomas Park, the editor of the Heliconia; and because it possesses numerous inserted manuscript notes by both editor and printer, and several duplicates of the woodcuts in fancy coloured ink, only twelve impressions of each having been taken, and likewise this quaint dedication leaf to the first volume, the only one printed: "To Maister Josephe Hardyne, thatt hys zeale as a pryntere mae not be forgotene, and for a faythfull recordre off

* This article was printed in the (Providence) *Evening Press* over the initial "R," and not under the name of the writer as in this magazine.—ED.

bys yndustrie and perseuerance ynn transcrybyng the whole of A Discourse of English Poetrie, by William Webbe, Graduate, within thyrtie two houres and fortie five minits, to suplye the presse for the presente re-prynte. The only copie hauinge thys syngle leafe ys ynscribed by-hys faythfull freyd, Josephe Haslewoode." A dainty little group relates to Sir Philip Sidney. It embraces, among others, an uncut copy of "Zouch's Memoirs," the first edition, uniquely illustrated with many fine and rare inserted portraits, and with the privately printed Sidney pedigree; "Lloyd's Life," also uncut, and likewise profusely illustrated in the same manner; Sir Philip's works, three octavos, printed in 1724-5; his Miscellaneous Works, Talboy's edition of 1829, uncut; and the Boston edition of 1860 of the same, likewise uncut, and extensively illustrated with inserted plates. A meet companion for this group is "Certaine Learned and Elegant Worke of the Right Honourable Fulke, Lord Brooke, written in his youth and familiar converse with Sir Philip Sidney," a quarto printed in 1633. This is the loving testimony of Fulke Greville, just referred to, in regard to his friend, Sir Philip Sidney:—"I lived with him and knew him from a child, yet I never knew him other than a man, with such staidness of mind, lovely and familiar gravity, as carried grace and reverence above greater years." There are several other curious and interesting books, published more than 200 years ago, among which are "Recreations with the Muses, by William Earle of Sterline," a folio printed in 1637; the "Life and Prophecies of Merlin," by Thomas Heywood, a small quarto, published in 1641, with a frontispiece by Hollar; "Bibliotheca Regia, or the Royal Library, containing a collection of such of the papers of His late Majesty King Charles, the second Monarch of Great Britain, as have escaped the wrack and ruine of these times," etc., an octavo issued in 1659, with a portrait and plate by Hollar; and the *Bibliotheca Chalcographica*, a collection of 450 copper-plate portraits of distinguished men, executed by the De Bry family, famous for its publications of early voyages. It is in nine parts, the first eight of which were published at Frankfort in 1650-2, and the last one in Heidelberg in 1654. The first five parts are by the De Brys, father and son, over 200 of the plates bearing the monogram of the father. The subsequent parts are by Clement Ammon, a son-in-law of the elder De Bry, and by other engravers less known. The volume is bound in vellum, and is a good sample of the binding of two and a quarter centuries ago. Montfaucon's *Antiquities* in seven folios, published in 1721-5, and other works too numerous to mention, date back more than a hundred years.

Coming nearer to our time, one finds valuable books of all kinds and descriptions. Poetry and the drama, of course, have their representatives, among which are Dodsley's Old Plays, uncut, in tree calf by Riviere, together with two uncut volumes of Old English Drama uniformly bound with Dodsley. Belonging to the same department are a fine tall copy of Congreve, printed by Baskerville, George Coleman's Works, and numerous others. One can read Shakespeare here out of a genuine first edition of Knight's Pictorial, or the diminutive Diamond edition of William Pickering, one of fifty copies printed entirely on India paper with Stothard's plates, uncut, as well as in several other styles; while the publications of the Shakespeare Society and various other works will aid in elucidating the text and in tracing the origin of the plays. Milton also can be found in prose and verse in an uncut copy of Pickering, and in verse only, printed by John Baskerville, and in one or two other

forms. All the English Poets of note are here, and some of them in styles that do them no injustice; for instance, Pickering's octavo Cowper, an uncut George Herbert, also an octavo Pickering, with a number of other Pickerings. Of classic poetry the three elegantly engraved volumes of Pine's Horace and Virgil afford the best example. Here is a copy of Goethe rendered into English verse, printed by Arthur Taylor and bound in Turkey morocco by Clarke and Bedford, it being number one of an edition of fifty copies, of which forty only were for sale.

The fine arts have not been overlooked, for prints should form a marked feature in every library of a really high character; and happy is he who can say with Roscoe:

"But when the studious hours decline
And tired attention wakes no more,
Then, idly busy be it mine
Upon the pictured page to pore!"

Some of these volumes might tempt the taste of the most fastidious. Here is a collection of 139 proof engravings by Charles Heath, after designs by Stothard; Smirke, Westall, and others, nearly all on India paper, and mostly unlettered proofs in the first state. This collection was made by the engraver himself for Dawson Turner, whose autograph it contains. Heath's portrait and autograph letter to Turner are prefixed, and the whole, making a thick quarto volume, is bound in green morocco by Hering. Another very choice pair of books are quartos from the private library of John Major, the famous publisher, one containing proof impressions of the plates on India paper before letters, of Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting*, and the other the wood-cuts in the same style. Other fine works are a large paper quarto copy of Lodge's Portraits, in twelve volumes, issued in 1823-34, a subscriber's copy, the plates being India proofs; the Kit Cat Club, a royal quarto, with proof plates on India paper, some being trial proofs; Don Quixote, with Smirke's plates, on India paper, edition of 1818, in four quarto volumes, once belonging to the famous Perkins Library, dispersed a few years since; the richly-coloured folios of Owen Jones, the Grammar of Ornament, and Examples of Chinese Ornament; Britton's *Cathedral Antiquities*, in quarto, issued in 1814-32; and Gibson's *Monastery of Tynemouth*, in two quarto volumes, printed by Pickering in 1846, this being one of twelve copies, coloured by hand. Samuel Rogers' Poems, and Italy, are here in fine condition, the Poems being uncut, with proof plates, and the Italy having the plates all in unlettered proofs, and hence, of course, being one of the first seventy copies with the head and tail pieces of the little poem called "Arqua" transposed. Then there are sundry Portrait Galleries, all first editions, and the works of divers artists. But one of the most elegant books in the whole collection must not be neglected. This is Murphy's "Arabian Antiquities of Spain," issued in 1833-16, and making a stout atlas folio. Dibdin says of it: "For nobleness of design, splendour of execution, and richness of material, this costly volume is in every respect a match for the mighty French work on the *Antiquities of Egypt*." This particular copy is pronounced by Mr. Sidney S. Rider, the well-known bookseller here, to be the finest he ever saw.

A series of articles attempting to describe the Private Libraries of Providence would be grossly lacking, if, somewhere in it, there was not a fitting recognition of the obligations the book lovers of this city are under to Mr. Rider. A bibliographer of generous attainments, he possesses a genuine enthusiasm for books, having for years been a collector of Rhode Island literature, and he

takes, as he justly may, an honest pride in presenting to his buyers, books of the very highest character. He has done more than any one else here, to cultivate the love of fine books, and to him, very largely, is owing the fact that this city contains a disproportionately large number of literary treasures for a place of its size.

Of wood-cuts in Gen. Rogers' library, are Bewick's Select Fables, with an autograph letter of Thomas Bewick inserted, and his *Aesop's Fables*, both first editions on large paper, and both bound by Bedford in full crushed Levant morocco. Then there are Northcote's Fables, uncut, both series, issued in 1828-33, and a duplicate copy on large paper, and various other works in the same department.

Mention might be made here of a very choice missal, dating back 500 years, the vellum of which is as clean and fresh as when new. It contains numerous delicately executed miniatures, with an immense number of illuminated initials and wide, heavy borders of the most elaborate ornamentation. It is one of such as the poet refers to, when he says,—

"Where rude designs of earlier days
Their bright unchanging hues unfold,
And all the illumin'd margins blaze
With azure skies, and stars of gold."

An attractive branch of illustrated books are those where extra plates, autograph letters, etc., have been inserted, of which there are not a few in this collection. In addition to those relating to Sir Philip Sidney, already mentioned, are Bryan's Dictionary of Painters, extended to four volumes, with 600 portraits, and Ottley's Supplement, illustrated in the same manner; the Life of William Caxton, with the preliminary Disquisition on Early Engraving and Ornamental Printing, from the first volume of Bibbin's Typographical Antiquities, containing an autograph letter of the author, 149 inserted illustrations, with an unique title-page, and also an illuminated title to the Life of Caxton, both made expressly for this volume, which forms a stout quarto. Other books elaborately illustrated with inserted plates are the *Repositorium Bibliographicum*; *Cromwelliana*; a "Tract entitled True and Faithful Relation of a Discourse between Colonel John Hampden and Colonel Oliver Cromwell"; Diary of Lady Cowper; Nicolas' Literary Remains of Lady Jane Grey, a large paper copy on drawing paper; Hillier's King Charles in the Isle of Wight; Thornbury's Life of Turner, R. A.; Fitzgerald's Life of Garrick; Knight's Passages of a Working Life, etc. Of American works are Irvingiana, with upwards of 100 portraits, views, &c.; the *Treasor* of General Charles Lee; the Character and Portraits of Washington; and Washington's Diary, one of the Bradford Club Series. These last two books contain, besides their other illustrations, a very large number of engravings from authentic portraits of Washington, a long autograph letter of Washington, a soldier's discharge made out by Gen. Gates, and other literary curiosities. Washington's letter, which covers three pages of letter-paper, is dated March 20, 1779, and is addressed to Henry Laurens, the President of the Continental Congress. It is historically interesting for containing Washington's views in regard to arming slaves and enlisting them in our army. But a single other volume can be mentioned, and this is the gem, or at least one of the gems, of the collection. It is Mrs. Bray's Life of Stothard, inlaid to folio size, and enriched with 600 of Stothard's designs, many being folding plates, and a very large number being proof, proofs before letters, and trial proofs. One not familiar with the manner in which illus-

trated books of this character are made up, has little idea of the labour or expense represented in this work. A book often possesses great value when illustrated by one or two dozen engravings, but when engravings have been extracted from very many books and all concentrated in one, of course the value of that favoured one is very rapidly enhanced by the process. The profusion, size, and condition of these plates afford within the limits of this single work an ample opportunity to study Stothard's style, so much admired for its grace and delicacy, for these designs were executed at different periods throughout his whole life. The work has been extended to three volumes, which are bound in full blue crushed Levant morocco, and is sufficiently sumptuous and luxurious to gratify the most critical fastidiousness.

A glance must suffice for the balance of the collection. In history, its strongest point is England, particularly of the time of the Stuarts; Rome and Roman literature; Greece and Grecian literature; and special histories of wars. Germane to this latter, and perhaps the offspring of the owner's military experience, is a collection of American tactics, more particularly of infantry, dating from Baron Steuben, who introduced tactics into the Revolutionary Army, down to Upton, the present United States regulation. Bibliography, Philosophy, Political Economy, Roman Law, and works relating to Egypt and the ancient nations of Western Asia and Asia Minor abound. The collected works of many scholars whose writings have been published at different times, and never together, and hence have to be picked up singly, many of them having grown very scarce and high-priced, form quite a noticeable feature of this library. The complete works of Sir George Cornwall Lewis, with the exception of a single pamphlet, furnish a good example of this class. But space forbids dwelling further even on the most congenial themes, though allusion should be made to the elegance of many of the bindings, which include the various styles of crushed Levant, Turkey, and wrinkled morocco, Pussia, plain, tree, speckled, and mottled calf, etc., the work of Bedford, Riviere, Mansell, Chatelin, Zehnsdorf, Bain, Cecil, and Larkins, and other approved English binders, and Matthews and Smith of New York. Among the most superbly bound books in the city is one of the Sir Philip Sidney set. It is full red crushed Levant morocco, and the covers are lined with the same, being inlaid with different colored leather most elaborately tooled. The first and last fly leaves are green watered silk, bordered with a fillet of gold. The work is hand-tooled throughout.

It is apparent from the collection already made that this collector possesses some zeal on the subject of books, and one is reminded of Montesinos in Southey's *Colloquies*:—"Why, Montesinos, with these books, and the delight you take in their constant society, what have you to covet or desire?"

"MONTESINOS. Nothing,—except more books."

NICHOLAS MÜLLER, THE GERMAN PRINTER-POET.

THE legitimate successor of the Cobbler Bard Hans Sachs—Nicholas Müller, the printer-poet, died in New York, very suddenly, August, 7th. His was one of those simple and unobtrusive lives, that, except to

the few who happen to know them well, pass as uneventful and common-place, and only appear in their real sweetness and quiet heroism after death has removed from all lips the seals of confidence and revealed them to all as they were. He was born in Langeran, Germany, and was educated in Stuttgart. He learned the printer's trade, and spent the allotted years as a journeyman, visiting many parts of his native land, and returning to Frankfort to settle down. He early showed poetic powers, and by the year 1848 had become so widely known, that he was elected a delegate to the "German National Parliament" of that year. When the Prussian tyrant's troops scattered that body at the point of the bayonet, and forced its members to fly the country, Müller sought refuge in Switzerland, where he remained some years. In 1853, he came to New York, and set up as a printer in the upper stories of 48 Beekman Street, which was then owned by Lewis Tappan, and used as the head-quarters of the voting Abolitionists. Here might be found on almost any day of the week, both Arthur and Lewis Tappan, William Goodell, Simeon S. Jocelyn, George Whipple, and others of the Anti-Slavery "Old Guard." Here were published the "American Jubilee" and "Radical Abolitionist," edited by Goodell, and a vast variety of Anti-Slavery works. Here, when in New York, resorted Gerritt Smith, Dr. Bailey of the *National Era*, Fred. Douglass, and other earnest toilers in the cause of freedom. Thus the poet driven from his native land for truth to liberty, found a congenial harbor among her followers here. During the twenty-two years for which he dwelt in this obscure haven, there were few Sundays when the German papers failed to contain from his pen, verses whose kindly sweetness aided the restful purpose of the day, refreshed the weary and cheered the sad.

Longfellow and other American poets freely testified their appreciation of his verse, and some of his poems were translated into English by William Cullen Bryant, who, in the following extract from a recent letter to D. T. Gardner, of this city, gives a proof of the high estimation in which he held Nicholas Müller:

"I am truly sorry to hear of his departure. He was a true poet; and, long before I knew anything of his personal history, I met a poem of his, 'The Paradise of Tears,' which so impressed me that I was induced to render it into English verse. He was the author of several excellent versions of English poems, but his original verses have a decided flavor of the German mind, and possess the subtle charm which arises from the power of fusing together the objects of external nature with the emotions of the heart, and in this way intensifying the expression of the latter."

To the present writer there was a poetic side to Müller's life, more poetic than his poetry. He was as devoted to his trade as to his muse, and took an active part in introducing in this country the artistic use of wood engravings. He reached a condition where he might have retired from business, have enlarged his office, or have improved his mode of living. But his son was unwilling to continue his father's trade, and yearned for a university education and the advancement in life that it would open to him. So Müller, instead of giving up more of his time year by year, to the development of his own genius, continued, with the devoted wife who shared his lot, to live in obscure fashion, to wear shabby clothes, to be misunderstood by most Americans who knew him, and to work hard and constantly at his trade, putting by every cent he could save to further the aspirations of his son. Thus his life for many years was a heroic poem, and the son who as a professor in a far-off German university, receives the news of his father's sudden death, may feel that he is of truly noble birth, and take a generous pride in his father's life and fame.

J. K. H. WILLCOX.

THE STATIONER'S HAND-BOOK.

WE have received from Mr. F. Leyoldt, editor of the *Publishers' Weekly*, the specimen sheets of the forthcoming Stationer's Hand-book, to be issued by him next month. The Hand-book is edited by H. D. Monachesi, and is supplemented with a Reference Price List by Albert B. Yohn of Indianapolis. Both are well known in the stationery market, and we feel sure their united efforts will produce a valuable text-book. If we may judge from the few specimen pages we have seen, the book, when complete, will take a first rank among trade publications. Paper in all its

details, domestic, foreign, and fancy, is treated in a plain, matter-of-fact manner, so that all who read may understand; and all other articles that enter into the stationery trade are described at length. The Hand-book will also contain a number of valuable papers upon book-binding, blank books, card-etiquette, proof-reading, copyrights, and patents, sizes of books, etc., etc., all of which have been contributed by persons prominent in the various lines of business treated. With the aid of such a book, the small country stationer can possess himself of the same information as the city merchant, upon whom he need no longer depend for instruction. The fact that most of the articles are contributed by well-known stationers, not only enhances the value of the work, and makes it a trade authority, but it becomes noticeable, for we believe it is the first time that such a work was ever attempted. We never before supposed the prominent men of the trade were such able writers, and that they are, is very creditable. The specimen pages are handsomely printed upon "Ye Centennial" paper, and reflect infinite credit upon the good taste of both editors and publisher.

ANCIENT WIT AND MODERN WITS.

WHEN you take up a bundle of the old jest books of Shakespeare's time, say the "Hundred Merry Talys," mentioned by Beatrice; "The Jests of Scogan," a jester of Edward the Fourth's time, alluded to by Falstaff; "Mother Bunche's Merriments;" "The Pleasant Conceites of Old Hobson;" or "Tarlton's Jests" (Tarlton was Shakespeare's favourite low comedian, his Touchstone, for whom he wrote such little snatches of songs as "When that I was a little Tiny Boy"), the feeling that arises on perusing them is disgust or disappointment. Not that there is no humour or no fun in them, for there is plenty, but it is too coarse, too obvious, too gross, and mingled with such hang-fire conclusions and trivial or pedantic distortion of words. It must have been a happy, light-hearted age to be so easily amused. A crack on the head then was deemed a notable repartee, and the trite fun of an American cheap jack would have gained a man a reputation for wit. About

the earliest jest books the buffoonery is mingled with incessant horse-play; some one or other getting well beaten is the usual climax of the story. The hypocrisy and vices of the monks is the favourite theme, and if we could trust jest books, a fearful and revolting set of rogues the majority of them must have been. The jests seem written by coarse, healthy men, intoxicated with good spirits and taking life as a sort of long joke; not even death escaping as a subject for their wild fantasies. The stories run over with natural humour, and the points are such that nobody, however dull, can miss seeing. The air seems to shake with laughter as you read them, and one can fancy their effect when read round the yule log at some old country gentleman's ingle. Take, for instance, the story, "How Scogan did draw a tooth-drawer's tooth." On a time, there went a tooth-drawer round about the country, carrying with him a banner stuck all over with men's teeth, the which crafty drawer declared he would draw a tooth without giving any pain, which was untrue, since he generally pulled out a piece of the cheek bone and took your money for doing much harm and little good. Scogan sent for this rogue, and told him he had pains in a tooth, and wanted it out of his head. "Sir," said the tooth-drawer, "if you will, I will have it out in a trice without any pain." "How so?" said Scogan. "Sir," said the man, "I will raise the flesh about the tooth, and then with a strong thread I will pull it out." "By the Mass," said Scogan, starting up, "I can pull out a tooth so likewise; and since it is no pain I would fain pull out first one of your teeth." "Nay, sir," said the knave, "but I have no pain in my teeth." "Nevertheless," quoth Scogan, "I will pull your tooth out, and if you have no pain you shall have an angel for your tooth, but if you have pain you shall have nothing." "Sir," said the tooth-drawer, "I will have none of my teeth touched, look you." Scogan at once sent his servant for a pair of manacles, clapped them on the tooth-drawer, and told him to sit down and bear it patiently lest he be put to greater pains. Scogan then buckled to at his reluctant patient, and began to raise the flesh about the tooth till the water ran down the

tooth-drawer's eyes. "Does the water run out from joy or pain?" quoth Scogan. "For joy," said the tooth-drawer, putting a good face on it, "because I am thinking of your angel." "So be it," said Scogan, and twisting a strong thread about the tooth he gave it a lusty twitch. "Oh!" groaned the tooth-drawer. "What, do you feel pain?" said Scogan. "Yea," said the rogue, "because you pull not quick enough." "Then," said Scogan, "you've lost your angel, man." "Nay," said the tooth-drawer." "Good," said Scogan; "then the tooth shall come out now;" and he twitched and jerked and pulled, and out it came. "Out and alas!" screamed the distracted patient. "Why cry you out?" inquired Scogan. "Marry," said the man; "the Devil would cry out with this pain." "Then, sir," said Scogan, "you have lost your angel; and seeing the matter is painful to have a tooth out, if you pull out any of my neighbours' in such manner, if you come in my walk, I'll have out all the teeth in your head. Now, knave, eat and drink ere you go, and so farewell." All the Scogan jests are like this, full of a broad humour that reminds one of the art of Hogarth and Gillray; but as much unlike the wit of Talleyrand, Sheridan, or Jerrold as a blow from a hedge-stake is unlike the thrust of a rapier. A story often revived is that of Scogan's flea powder. He sold it in church on Sunday to half the wives in the country, but to their rage and surprise it did no good. Scogan was appealed to. "There be a sort of fools," he said, "that will buy a thing and will not ask what they should do with it. You should have taken every flea by the neck, and they will gape, and then you should have cast a little of the powder in every flea's mouth, and so you should have killed them all."

When Tarlton said that a soldier in peace was like a chimney in summer, he said a good thing, but in many of his jests he is as verbose, quibbling, and tiresome as some of the characters in "Love's Labour Lost." Only in metaphysic or scholastic theology could anything be found so tiresome, such enlacing of words, such cat's-crades of double meanings without purpose.

Surely these crude attempts at wit bear no more comparison with the best things of

Sheridan, the puns of Charles Lamb, the subtle sarcasms of Talleyrand, or the delicious verbal distortions of Tom Hood, than an Esquimaux snow-hut does to the Parthenon. Among the great humorists England has produced, wit of every kind can be found—curt and Doric, delicate and skillful as French, broad and sensible like the German, extravagant and quaint as the Spanish. Perhaps of all our wits of the old school no one said neater things than George Selwyn. Not even Sheridan's *bon mots* are more perfect. What can be smarter than his reply to Charles Fox when a namesake of Fox was hung in Tyburn—"Did you go to the execution, George?"—"No," said Selwyn to the clever reprobate, "I make a point of never frequenting rehearsals." Nor was his answer about Fox's lodgings less happy. Fox and Fitzpatrick lodged together in their wild times at Mackie's, an oilman's, in Piccadilly. Some one at Brookes's was saying the two would be the ruin of poor Mackie. "No," said Selwyn, "it will only make Mackie famous for his pickles." There was fun and fancy combined when Selwyn told Lady Coventry, who had a dress covered with large silver spangles, that "she was change for a guinea."

About Theodore Hook's jokes there was a theatrical and professional turn that, aided by hearty laughter, launched them gaily in the old Matthews' circles. Mr. Selwyn is said to have uttered his jokes with ludicrous gravity, and in a listless voice, which gave them special piquancy. Dr. Johnson sometimes condescended to play with words, as when he said of some plotting biographer in a voice of thunder, "Sir, if he writes my life, I'll take his."

THE COMIC PERIODICAL LITERATURE OF THE UNITED STATES.

IN the number of *Notes and Queries* dated June 15, 1872, Mr. William Raynor gives a list of seventy-six comic periodical publications in the English language. This list omits *Comic Opinion*, an eclectic humorous weekly (London, 1870), and *Zozimus*, an Irish comic (Dublin, 1871). It includes, however, three American comic papers. Deducting these, and adding the two omissions, we find that seventy-five

comic papers have been started in England since 1824, the date of the first number of *The Cigar*, the earliest paper mentioned by Mr. Raynor.

In this list we find *Punch* (1841), *Judy* (1867), *Toby* (1867), *Punchinello*, *Punch and Judy* (1869), *The Puppet Show*, *The Penny Punch*, edited by Douglas Jerrold, and preceding its namesake, *The Half-Penny Punch* (1867), and *A Word With Punch*, issued by Alfred Bunn ("Hot Cross Bunn"), to retort on those writers of *Punch* who continually attacked him.

Ten comic papers were started in London in 1867; only one, *Judy*, survives.

Curious were the names and fortunes of many of the papers of Mr. Raynor's list. *The Bubble* (1865) burst after one number; *The Cigar* (1824) went out almost instantaneously, possibly from want of puffing; the *Free Lance* and the *Knight Errant* (1871) have now left the lists forever; *The Looking Glass* (1830) has given its last reflection; the *Period* (1868), after lingering for awhile in a state of coma, came at last to a full stop; *The Man in the Moon* (1848) came down too soon, although Albert Smith and Shirley Brooks (the present editor of *Punch*) contributed to it; *The Porcupine* (Liverpool, 1864), is still shooting its quills abroad; and the *Tomahawk* (1867), although edited by Arthur a'Becket, and illustrated with coloured cartoons by Matt Morgan, buried the hatchet and smoked the pipe of peace in 1870.

American humor is in such demand in England, that some unscrupulous wight started the *Hans Breitmann* (1871), entirely without the consent of Mr. Leland, who, being in London at the time, disavowed all connection therewith.

The following list of American humorous papers is known by the compiler to be certainly incomplete and possibly incorrect. Any additions, corrections, or suggestions will be thankfully received. Those papers marked with an asterisk are yet alive:

The Brickbat. Winchell & Small: New York. No. 1, February 1, 1872. 4 pp. Edited by "Bricktop." The first and only number contained a flattering obituary of James Fisk, Jr.

The Cartoon. Frank Leslie: New York. No. 1, 1872.

16 pp. Contained cartoons by Matt Morgan, reprinted from Leslie's other publications.

Champagne. Frank Leslie: New York. No. 1, June, 1871. 16 pp. Illustrated. Monthly. Edited by Isaac G. Reed, Jr. Five numbers in all.

Cocktails. John Stetson: Boston. No. 1, July, 1871. 16 pp. Illustrated. Monthly. Five (?) numbers in all, the first two being smaller in size.

The Chip Basket. New York. 1871. Illustrated.

**Carl Pretzel's Magazine Book*. Chicago: C. H. Harris. 1872. Monthly. Germanic Comic. Edited by Carl Pretzel (C. H. Harris).

**The Comic Monthly*. New York. November, 1872. No. 3, Vol. XIV. 16 pp. Illustrated. Monthly.

**The Comic News*. New York. November, 1872. No. 47. 16 pp. Illustrated. Monthly.

The Comic Times.

**The Capital*. Donn Piatt: Washington. 4 pp. Weekly. Contains an original humorous department called "Graduated Grins."

Diogenes. A satirical anti-Mormon paper, published in Utah.

Diogenes kys Lanterne. New York. No. 1, January, 1852. 16 pp. Weekly. Illustrated. Edited by John Brougham. Existed eighteen months.

**Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun*. Frank Leslie: New York. December, 1872. No. 177. 16 pp. Illustrated. Monthly.

**The Fat Contributor's Saturday Night*. A. Miner Griswold, Cincinnati, O. 1872. Weekly. Edited by "Gris."

Mrs. Grundy. New York. About 1865. 16 pp. Weekly. Illustrated. (*Vanity Fair* revived). Edited by Dr. H. D. Carroll, and during his illness by G. D. Shanly. Thomas Nast was one of the artists.

**The Galaxy*. Sheldon & Co.: New York. Started in 1869 a humorous department edited by Mark Twain; in 1871 taken by Donn Piatt; in 1872 transferred to Miss Kate A. Sanborn.

Jubilee Days. Jas. R. Osgood & Co.: Boston, Mass. No. 1, Monday, June 17, 1872. 4 pp. Daily. Illustrated by Augustus Hoppin. Sixteen numbers in all. Published during the World's Peace Jubilee.

**The Jolly Joker*. Frank Leslie: New York. December, 1872. No. 4. Volume XI. 16 pp. Illustrated. Monthly.

John Donkey. New York. 1860.

Judy.

The Innocent Weekly Owl.

Figaro—1850—started and failed as a theatrical journal; bought by David Russell Lee and Thomas Powell, and edited by "Wit and Wisdom." Survived the change a few months.

The Kaleidoscope: an intermittent periodical. G. W. Carleton & Co.: New York. No. 1, June, 1869. 32 pp. Illustrated. Only one number.

The Keekapitchinin: a semi-weekly paper devoted to Cents, Scents, Sense and Nonsense. Salt Lake City, Utah. January 15, 1871. No. 22, Vol. II. 8 pp. Illustrated with wood-cuts, excised or murdered with a jack-knife. The Mormon comic organ, although containing but little politics.

The Little Joker.

The New York Humorist.

**The Knicknax*. New York, November, 1872. No. 7, Vol. XVIII. 32 pp. Illustrated. Monthly.

**The New Varieties*. John Stetson. Boston, Mass.,

November 9, 1872. No. 97, Vol. IV. 16 pp. Illustrated, Weekly.

**Merryman's Monthly*. New York, November, 1872. 32 pp. Illustrated. Monthly.

Momus. New York. Daily.

The Moon.

Puck. San Francisco.

Puck. St. Louis. In German.

**The Phunny Phellow*. New York, December, 1872. No. 1, Vol. XIII. 16 pp. Illustrated. Monthly.

Punchinello. New York. No. 1, April 2, 1870; No. 39, December 24, 1870. 16pp. Illustrated. Weekly. Edited by Charles Dawson Shanly. Illustrations by Bowland, Bellew, and Stephens. Gould, Fisk, Tweed, and Sweeney are said to have lost over \$5,000 apiece on this venture.

The Picayune. New York. Edited by Mortimer Thompson (Philander Q. K. Doesticks). Weekly.

Petit Journal Pour Rive. 41 Liberty street, New York, 1872. Specimen number. 8 pp. Contained eight sketches by F. Grévin; reprinted from Paris paper of same name. Coloured title-page.

The Thistle. "Qui s'y frotte s'y pique." S. M. Howard: New York, January 1, 1872. No. 1. 4 pp. Although various names were signed to the articles, the whole paper was written by Francis S. Saltus.

Salmagundi. David Longworth: New York. No. 1, Saturday, January 24, 1867. Twenty numbers in all. Written by William and Washington Irving and J. K. Paulding. Revised by Paulding alone ten years later. Reprinted by Putnam in 1860.

Mrs. Partington's Scrap Bag(?). Boston, Mass. Edited by P. B. Shillabar. 185—(?)

Southern Punch. Published in Richmond during the war of Secession and edited by J. W. Overall.

Vanity Fair. W. H. Stephens: New York. No. 1. December 31, 1859. 16 pp. Weekly. Illustrated. Stopped at end of 1862. Two monthly issues, January and February, 1863. Revived as a weekly in June, 1863; last number dated July 4, 1863. Edited by Stephens, by Shanly, by A. Ward, by Charles Godfrey Leland, who contributed "The Telegraph Tour of Ralph Peyton de Accomac." Illustrations mostly by Bellew, Mullen, and Stephens.

**Wild Oats*. Winchell & Small: New York. No. 44, Vol. IV. November 21, 1872. 16 pp. Illustrated. Semi-monthly. Originally a flash monthly, seized by Mayor A. Oakey Hall for a cartoon called "Too Thick." Edited by "Bricktop."

Yankee Notions. New York. December, 1872. No. 12, Vol. XXI. 32 pp. Illustrated. Monthly.

Yankee Doodle. New York. 1846. Lived about a year. Weekly. Illustrated. Modeled on *Punch*. F. O. C. Darley and Charles Fenn Hoffman were on its staff.

Yang Lang. New Haven. Monthly. A collegiate comic paper. Short-lived.

Young America. New York. 1853. 16 pp. Weekly. Illustrated. Edited by Charles Gayler.

There is the list; forty-six in all, exclusive of annuals, of which there are a dozen more.

In Orpheus C. Kerr's adaptation, entitled "The Mystery of Mr. E. Dood," published

in *Punchinello* (1870) and afterwards reprinted as the "Cloven Foot," he makes Mr. McLaughlin, the undertaker, moralize as follows:

"He patched up all these graves, as well as them in the Ritual Churchyard, and I knew 'em all, sir. Over there, Editor of a Country Journal; next, Stockholder in Erie; next, gentleman who undertook to be Guided in his Agriculture by Mr. Greeley's 'What I Know About Farming'; next, Original Projector of American *Punch*; next, Projector of Rural Newspaper; next, another Projector of American *Punch*—indeed, all the rest of that row is American *Punches*; next, Conductor of Rustic Daily; next, Manager of Italian Opera; next, Stockholder in Morris and Essex; next, American Novelist; next, Husband of Literary Woman; next, Pastor of Southern Church; next, Conductor of Provincial Press—I know 'em all."

And Mr. Newell is right; the history of comic journalism in America is merely a list of tombstones.

American *Punches* are like American cocktails, made but to be destroyed. They shed their fragrance upon the empty vagrant air for a few brief weeks, and then they wither away and die. The mortality among American comic papers has been terrific. They have had a constant strife and struggle for existence. It has not resulted in the survival of the fittest. The dead are honoured, the living are despised.

Some observant foreigner, temporarily sojourning among us, and collecting American notes, said that good humour was our great characteristic. He was right. But he might have also acknowledged that we had as much humour as good humour. Americans are too humourous and too fond of humour to support a comic paper. A humorous daily, in spite of the phenomenal success of *Jubilee Days*, seems to be an impossibility. The comic writers for the daily press, the editorial piquant paragraphs, and those little bits of witty wisdom that go to and fro over our land, spreading laughter abroad amongst us, takes the place of the long-desired but short-lived American *Punch*. In short, the American *Punch* is like the American Novel and the American Literature—a thing to be expected but never acquired.

J. BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THE HUDSON RIVER OVERSLAGH,
AND COEYMANS BOUWERY.*

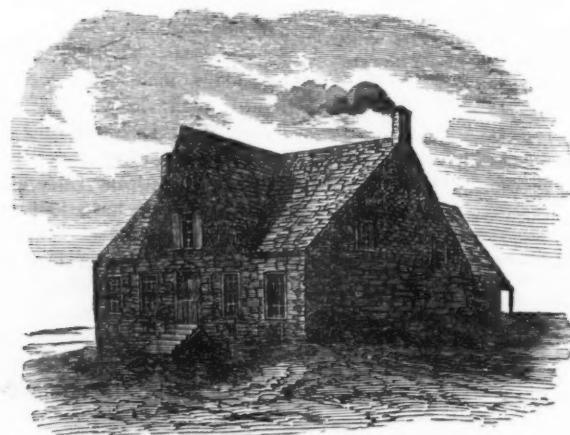
BY JOEL MUNSELL.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

It is probably familiar to you that the water you see hereabout, so long known for its wholesome properties in affording sustenance to shad and sturgeon, is no other than the great Hudson River. It is often said of some men, not especially noted for energy or push, that they will never turn the river up stream. But if you were to go a very short distance further south, you would see the river run up stream at times with great force,

ascend before they reach their destination at Albany, and so persistent their effort to attain that end.

It is two hundred and sixty-six years since Henry Hudson, searching for a passage across the continent, sailed up here in his Dutch ship, the Half Moon, and arrived at this point on the 19th of September, 1609. Here he anchored his ship, and having a suspicion of the channel above, he sent a boat up to investigate it. The result was, that he did not venture any further with the ship, and the reputation of the Overslagh has been very bad ever since. It has never ceased in all time its efforts to get its head above water, and as



The Coeymans Castle, built by Barent Pieterse. †

and this phenomenon is claimed to be one of the diversions of the man in the moon.

Although the point we occupy is nearly a hundred and fifty miles from the city of New York, we are but about six feet in perpendicular height above it, as you may guess, or the tide would not set up here as it does; and it is remarkable, though no discovery of mine, that there are at all times three tides in the river, so great is the distance they have to

they continued to construct the steamboats larger and larger from year to year, the perplexities occasioned by the Overslagh were not confined to the navigators of the boats alone. How often, alas, was the majestic progress of the New World arrested midway on the bosom of the Hudson, by running upon sand bars in the fog, and when the latter cleared away there was presented to the eyes of the anxious merchant, the beleaguered shores of Papsknee island, when he had a note to pay at the Bank of Albany, and no balance to his credit, and no hope of getting up before the bank closed—of course had to

* On the 16th of June, 1875, the Albany Institute held its 18th Field Meeting at Mull's Fishery, one of the State fish-hatching stations, under the direction of Mr. Seth Green, about ten miles below the city. Among the speakers on the occasion was Mr. JOEL MUNSELL, who entertained the audience with these reminiscences of the locality.—ED.

† The above sketch was drawn from memory by Dr. J. S. Mosher.

go to protest, and pay Mr. Nicholas Bleecker seventy-five cents besides ! In the meantime his wife and children up in the city were leaning all the morning out of the scuttle, and straining their eyes in the direction of Wolven hoek, the Bucken plaat, and the Over-slagh, and wondering what had got pa !

But what may we be called upon to witness now, when they are about to reverse the order of nature and turn the river up the Patroon's creek to satiate the unquenchable thirst of the Albanians. If the Patroon's creek is inadequate to water the whisky and milk at present, what will result to navigation then ?

the river, were a part of the manor of the Van Rensselaers, reaching from Beeren island, which you see yonder, up to Cohoes, and extending far inland. Upon Beeren island was erected the Patroon's castle, to defend his manor from encroachment. The castle is gone, and the stone guns have disappeared that once stood upon its battlements, and in their place they have erected some modern structures, termed ice-houses ! marking the progress of the peaceful arts, so-called, and the beating of the implements of war into ice-plows and ice-hooks, a wonderful thing to contemplate !



The Oldest House now standing in Coeymans.

What will become of our fish nursery here ? The locusts are coming, and it was fondly hoped by some of us, that when every green thing on land should be consumed, we would have Mr. Green's fishes to fall back upon. But the fishes require water, and are known to be as great drinkers even as the citizens of Albany, who, having consumed the Patroon's creek, are now craving the waters of the dark rolling Hudson, regardless of navigation and of Mr. Green's lively young fishes.

This is a very interesting region, historically speaking, but there is not time to say much of it. These shores, on both sides of

Barent Pieterse Coeymans also came over from Holland, after the Van Rensselaers had got things fixed pretty much to their satisfaction, and settled down there where you see the village of Coeymans. Seeing no such emblem of civilization as a gallows standing anywhere hereabout, he thought he had fallen upon a location as far beyond the reach of human possessions as "the boundless contiguity of shade" so much desired by Cowper. So he bought an immense tract of the Katskill Indians, extending ten miles on the river to Coxsackie creek and twelve miles into the wilderness. What was his surprise to learn,

as he did, that he was still within Van Rensselaer's colonie. Whereupon he purchased the Patroon's claim by paying a quit rent of *nine shillings* a year, and finally obtained a patent for the whole of it from Queen Anne, of blessed memory. Barent Pieterse had sons and daughters, but all his descendants after the first generation were females, and the family name is now extinct in this State—one of the calamities imminent to any family, until woman's rights come in vogue!

The old stone mansion of Ariaentje Coeymans, built in the last century, is seen on the north of the village, a quaint old edifice, the interior of which has been modernized, much



Portrait of Ariaentje Coeymans.

to the regret of visitors. The floor timbers, which were large and fine specimens of the product of the early forest, were most admirably polished and waxed, but have been covered up with lath and plaster by some of the modern occupants, and the Dutch tiles which served for the base around the spacious rooms and hall, and up the stairway, have been removed. A single room has been left in its original condition for modern builders to marvel at. The wooden portion of the edifice seen at the north end, was appropriated for the negroes, an adjunct of all similar establishments of the last century in this vicinity.

The portrait of Ariaentje, with which tradition has connected some mysterious legends, is still preserved, representing a tall, plain woman, in whose dress some rare material is discovered.

The nine mile tree, of which only the stump remains yonder, was for many years a noted land-mark for the navigators of the river, in this difficult strait.

Above it you observe the village of Castleton, not particularly remarkable for anything of itself, except as one of the pleasant and thriving villages of the Hudson valley; but on one of the elevations behind it was formerly the castle of the Mahicans, one of the most populous river Indian nations, whence the village derives its name. The excavations of the railroad company in the brow of the hill disclosed an Indian burial-ground, populous with skeletons long mouldering there, and abounding in relics apparently of great antiquity.

Castleton is a part of the town of Schodack, extending south to the village of that name in sight yonder, which was first settled by tenants under the Van Rensselaer leases. The vicinity seems to have been populous when Hudson arrived here in 1609. It is recorded that he landed here and passed a day with the natives, greeted with all sorts of barbarous hospitality, as Mr. Lossing describes it, improving upon the log-book; the land, the finest for cultivation he ever set foot on; the natives, so kind and gentle that when they found he would not remain, and feared that he was about to leave them because he apprehended danger from their weapons, they broke their arrows in pieces and threw them in the fire. It is here that the shallows and sand bars begin, so formidable to the navigators of this part of the river, not because of any actual danger, but of tedious detentions caused by running aground. A vast amount has been expended in dredging and dyking, by which a little more depth of channel is gained. In former years the sight of from twenty to fifty sail of river craft of all kinds fast aground at low tide was not rare, and the amount of profanity uttered by the sailors was sufficient to demoralize the whole district. The Normans kil is held largely responsible for the sand brought in here, but it

is also the deposit of the water coming down from all the streams above, and the slackening of the current on reaching deeper water and meeting the tide setting up from below. Efforts have been made for nearly a century to overcome the obstructions here, but it is a kind of doctoring that has only a temporary effect.

Citizen Genet, whose residence upon yonder eminence gave him a view of this vexatious locality, became so distressed with the disasters he was constantly called upon to witness, that for many years he interested himself in the vain effort to awaken the merchants and capitalists of Albany to the importance of a ship canal to connect with the deep water at New Baltimore, which would enable the largest vessels to land at our wharves. But he found no spirited coadjutors to second his aim, and his head was laid in the dust, without having seen his favorite project so much as noticed to any efficient extent.

In slower times when a sloop got aground it is said that they proceeded to cast anchor and sat down unconcerned to smoke their pipes for a fortnight, or until some northern rains increased the volume of water and lifted them off the bar. I don't know how far back this tradition can be traced ; it was current before my time.

It will be recollect that Gov. Marcy was once held responsible for this formidable obstruction, and the navigation was daily chronicled at low water, to his political disadvantage. While in congress he had voted with his party against all appropriations for the improvement of harbors and rivers, as being unconstitutional, and the papers teemed for a long time with pasquinades on Mr. Marcy, and his farm, as it came to be termed. As thus :

Deserted by the famed *small light*,*
When all around proclaims it night,
On Marcy's farm all snug aground,
The skipper looks distressed around,
And hears the ripple far away,
And sighs for tides and coming day.

What sticks there, captain ? quickly tell.

A sloop.
The deuce !

Good night, all's well.

Or sailing towards the Bucken plaat,
The Overslagh awhile forgot,
The careful crew patrol the deck,
To guard the sloop from threatened wreck,
And while their thoughts oft homeward veer,
They find the vessel will not steer.

What depth there, captain ? quickly tell.

Why, none.

What, none !

Good night, all's well.

The Mahican Indians occupied the eastern border of the river, from Lansingburgh to New York, and were a powerful confederation of tribes. The Mohawks occupied the western shore from the Catskill mountains north, except the site of Albany, which they seem never to have wrested from the Mahicans. The Delawares extended from the Catskill Mountains south to Virginia. As the white settlements encroached, the Mahicans retired eastwardly to the valley of the Housatonic in Massachusetts, where their descendants, known as the Stockbridge Indians, were for a long time religiously instructed by the Moravians among others, and finally abandoned the chase as a means of procuring subsistence, and adopted the arts of civilized life. A small remnant of these once-powerful Mahicans is now living, as thriving agriculturists, on the shores of the Winnebago lake, in the far north-west.

Of course a great deal more might be said in this connection, but time being short and others waiting to have their say, I vacate this rostrum in their favor.

GOSSIP ABOUT PORTRAITS.

(Continued from Vol. VI., p. 168).

VI.—PORTRAITS AND POETS.

By this it would seem that Van Dyck's portrait of the lady Dorothy Sidney was only accomplished at a second attempt, the first portrait having been a failure. The young portrait painter will derive some consolation in knowing that the greatest men sometimes fail. When Sir Joshua Reynolds sent his picture of the Infant Hercules to the Empress of Russia, he said there were three pictures under it, so many had been his short-comings ; and Gainsborough, in painting the portrait of Mrs. Siddons, now one of the gems of the Kensington Museum, after many ineffectual attempts to give expression to the nose (and

* A political allusion to Gov. Throop, who began his message, "Whereas, the wisdom of man is but a small light shining around his footsteps," etc.

there is much expression in a nose !) threw down his brush, exclaiming, "D—n it, there's no end to it!"—and see what trouble poor Mrs. Pepys's nose gave Mr. Hales. Was this "shop of beauty," that Waller speaks of, a particular collection of portraits assembled at the house of the Painter? Perhaps when Lombart engraved his "Beauties" the original pictures were exhibited, in the manner of modern publishers, to gain subscribers.— "There is no new thing under the sun!" We don't know when *prints* were first published by "subscription," but it is said that the first book so published was Dr. Brian Walton's Polyglot Bible in 6 vols. folio, of which the first was published in 1654. A great part of the impression was destroyed in the fire of 1666, so that the copies were raised in value of £40. One of the earliest was Poole's celebrated Synopsis of the Scriptures, published 1669. The original proposals were for an edition in 3 vols. folio, at the price of four pounds, but these were afterwards enlarged for another volume at one pound, and this even not being found sufficient to include the voluminous labors of the author, he extended the work to a fifth volume, and left it to the option of his subscribers to receive this last without payment, or the extra contribution of ten shillings. Those who know this magnificent work, and the great learning, judgment, and industry of the author, will the better appreciate this trait of his disinterestedness.

Of prints, perhaps the earliest published "by subscription," were the Cartoons of Raffaelle, engraved by Dorigny, which were subscribed for at four guineas the set, and, after seven years labour, completed April 1, 1719, when he received from George I. a present of 100 guineas, and the following year the honour of knighthood. It is curious that neither to the elaborate Dedication, engraved by G. Bickham, the celebrated caligraphist, nor to any of the plates, is there any date.

It would be an interminable task to endeavour a notice of all that poets have said of painters. Poets, until lately, knew so little of painting, that, seeing it had qualities to which their art could not reach, and forgetting how many advantages poetry had over painting, they raised it in their estimation to

a height that was quite hyperbolic. It is only from a consideration of this kind that we can excuse the high-flown compliments (allowing, of course, in many cases, for the utter fiction of the thing) which so many celebrated poets have written of painters, for whose names we in vain search the dictionaries. Who knows anything of Sir William Burlase? Walpole, Granger, Pilkington, and the ordinary dictionaries give us no information of him. Yet Ben Jonson, in answer to some "rubbishy" verses sent by the painter, apparently with Jonson's portrait (is it that picture, "artist unknown," of the poet in the Library at Oxford?) writes,

"O, had I now your manner, mastery, might;
Your power of handling, shadow, air, and spright;
How I would draw, and take hold and delight!
But you are he can paint; I can but write:
A poet hath no more but black and white,
Nor knows he flattering colours, nor false light."

* * * * *

Yet when of friendship I would draw the face,
A lettered mind, and a large heart would place
To all posterity; I'll write Burlase."

Here, despite the "mastery, might," &c. of the painter, all we know of him is from the poet! When Pope, in addressing Jervas, a great man in his time and no mean painter, said,

"Thou but preserv'st a face and I a name!"

had he any idea that the name of the painter preserved in his verse, would last longer than the fame of the painter otherwise?* We only know Apelles, and Protogenes, and Zeuxis, and Timanthes from what has been written of them, and were there not coins and statues to corroborate such witnesses of their perfection, we should be inclined to doubt the testimony, seeing how that of other writers which may be tested, is found wanting. As portrait painters, Van Dyck, Lely, Kneller, and Reynolds, to say nothing of their masters, are deserving the greatest praise that the loftiest poet could reach, from the "highest heaven of invention;" and even the most inferior painter of portraits, if he gives a likeness with character and expression, should not be without our thanks. A por-

* "Brother," said Miss Reynolds, "how happens it that we never meet with any pictures by Jervas the painter?" Sir Joshua replied very briskly, says Northcote, "Because they are all up in the garret."

trait is a boon to many. A portrait of a great man is a noble gift to the world and to posterity.

The Duchess of Newcastle wrote an immense number of poems and plays, of which were published as many as made ten folio volumes, but she was as amiable and beloved in her domestic relations as she was persevering in her literary pursuits. One of the prints in which her portrait appears is by Clouvet after Diepenbeke, representing her and her husband, William Cavendish, Marquis of Newcastle (who himself published a fine book on Horsemanship), surrounded with their family, seated before a large Elizabethan fire-place. Beneath are these lines (which I quote from memory) :—

"Here in this semi-circle, where they sit
Telling of tales of pleasure and of wit,
Here you may read without a sin or crime;
And how more innocently pass your time!"

The other two prints are both after Diepenbeke, by Van Schuppen. In one she is represented standing in a niche surrounded with emblems of Minerva and Apollo. In the other, she is seated in her study writing. Both have inscriptions. That to the last is,

"Studiois she is and all alone,
Most visitants when she has none:
Her library on which she looks
It is her head; her thoughts her books.
Scorning dead ashes without fire,
For her own flames do her inspire!"

These prints are uncommon. The first is excessively rare. Bishop Wilkins, who, in his curious book on "A World in the Moon," suggested the possibility of one day reaching that satellite, was asked by her: "Doctor, where am I to find a place for baiting at, in the way up to that planet?" "Madam," said he, "of all the people in world, I never expected that question from you, who have built so many castles in the air, that you may lie every night at one of your own!"

VII.—PORTRAITS WANTED.

Evelyn complains that painters in his time—and the same complaint equally applies to the present day—never put the names of the persons represented on their pictures, though it was the practice of Holbein, "to whose fame it was no diminution, and who really painted to the life beyond any man this day living."

He seems, without apparent cause, to attribute this omission to the "pride" of painters, adding, "There is not that wretched print but wears the name of the no-artist, whilst our painters take no care to transmit to posterity the names of the persons whom they represent, through which negligence so many excellent pieces come after a while to be dispersed among brokers and upholsters, who expose them to the streets in every dirty and infamous corner. 'Tis amongst their dusty lumber we frequently meeet with Queen Elizabeth, Mary Q. of Scots, the Countesse of Pembroke, Earles of Leycester and Essex, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Philip Sidney, Cecil, Buckhurst, Walsingham, Sir Francis Bacon, King James and his favourite Buckingham, and others (who made the great figure in this nation). . . . flung many times behind the hangings covered with dust and cobwebs." In the same regretful strain, Horace Walpole, a hundred years later, complains of the neglect of family pictures. "Portraits that cost twenty, thirty, sixty guineas, and that proudly take possession of the drawing-room, give way, in the next generation, to those of the new-married couple, descending into the parlour, where they are slightly mentioned as *my father's and mother's pictures*. When they become *my grandfather and grandmother* they mount to the two pair of stairs; and then, unless despatched to the mansion-house in the country, or crowded into the housekeeper's room, they perish among the lumber of garrets, or flutter in rags before a broker's shop in the Seven Dials." Though many portraits are lost by neglect and accident, particularly from fire (the picture of Charles I. by Van Dyke, from which Bernini modelled his statue, was destroyed in the fire at Whitehall*), perhaps as many are wilfully destroyed by children who do not estimate the extent of their mischievous doings. I know an old family mansion, in the hall and staircase of which a coach and six might as easily be driven as through an Act of Parliament, and at one end of the staircase hung a valuable painting which became a target for

* MS. note by Evelyn to the copy of the "Numismata," which he gave to Sir Hans Sloane, now in the British Museum.

the toxopholite practice of the youngsters of the household on a wet day; and this was not discovered until the picture was riddled like a sieve with their successful achievements!

Wordsworth describes something of this juvenile mischief-working: "While I was at my grandfather's house at Penrith, along with my eldest brother, Richard, we were whipping tops together in the large drawing-room, in which the carpet was only laid down on particular occasions. The walls were hung round with family pictures, and I said to my brother, 'Dare you strike your whip through that old lady's petticoat?' He replied, 'No, I won't.' 'Then,' said I, 'here goes!' and I struck my lash through her hooped petticoat, for which, no doubt, I was properly punished." I must myself plead guilty to having, as a child, destroyed a portrait, I hope not a valuable one! When I was a very, very little boy, my mother allowed a miniature on ivory to lie on the table within my reach. It was simply the miniature without glass or frame, and by some means I happened to touch it with my lips. Now, the artist had, either from choice or necessity, painted the background or the dress (I have now no recollection of the miniature, except its size and the *after-look* of the ivory) with Spanish liquorice! It was a case of "roast pig!" The "sensuous" instinct was quicker than parental watchfulness, and before authority was roused the greater part of the ivory was licked clean! I believe it was only a portrait of an aunt or uncle by a nobody, but it *might* have been a somebody by a Cooper or a Cosway!

Evelyn was not the only person who complained that many pictures are lost to us simply because the name of the person painted is not written on the picture. The artist sometimes puts *his* name, but rarely the name of his patron, not even when his age and the date of the picture are marked on the background.

Aubrey, two hundred years since, complained of this without effect; and Locke, in writing about a picture, says, "Pray get Sir Godfrey to write on the back of my Lady Masham's picture, 'Lady Masham,' and on the back of mine, 'John Locke.' This he

did to Mr. Molyneaux's: it is necessary to be done, or else the pictures of private persons are lost in two or three generations." And these inscriptions should be carefully and fully done.

(*To be continued.*)

BOOKS WANTED.

SHELLEY, P. B.—Alastor. Crown 8vo, London: Baldwin, 1816.
SHELLEY, P. B.—Adonais. Small 4to, Pisa, 1821.
MANUSCRIPTS, ETC., RELATING TO SHELLEY AND BYRON. Wanted by—C. W. Frederickson, box 242, Post-office, New York.

RUSKIN.—Modern Painters. Vol. 3. American Edition. Wanted by—Miss Folger, Great Neck, Queens Co., L. I., N. Y.

SAVAGE.—Genealogical Dictionary. Vol. 2.

SANDERSON, JOHN.—Biography of the Signers to the Declaration of Independence. Vols. 1 and 5. 8vo. Philadelphia: Pomeroy, 1823.

ALLIBONE, S. A.—Dictionary of Authors. Vols. 2 and 3. 4to. To complete set of which Vol. 1 ends at JYL, page 1005, edition 1859.

WORKS ON STENOGRAPHY, OR SHORT HAND.

AMERICAN BIBLIOPOLIST.—For Vol. 1, No. 3, and Vol. 4, No. 36, fifty cents will be given. For Vol. 1, Nos. 1, 4, and 12, 25 cents. And for Vol. 5, Nos. 61, 62, 10 cents will be given.

DWIGHT, J. S.—Selected Minor Poems of Goethe and Schiller. Translated with Notes. 12mo. Boston, 1839.

SYMMES, J. C.—Theory of the Earth. 12mo. Cincinnati, 1822.

BLACKER.—Angling.

HAMERTON.—Etchings and Etchers. 1841.

DRAKE, J. R.—Poems, with Memoir. New York. 1847. \$2.00 will be given.

Wanted by—J. Sabin & Sons, 84 Nassau Street, New York.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return communications which, for any reason, we do not print; and to this rule we can make no exception.

To all communications should be affixed the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

INDEX FOR 1874.—The Index of the BIBLIOPOLIST and Title for Vol. 6, which has been temporarily and unavoidably delayed in publication, is now ready, and will be forwarded by mail free on receipt of twenty-five cents.

POWER'S HANDY BOOK ABOUT BOOKS.—Owing to Mr. Joseph Sabin's absence in Europe, we are unable to give the continuation of the "Bibliography" with this number.

FIELD SALE.—The publishers of the BIBLIOPOLIST have now ready, price \$1.00, mail free, a printed list of the prices obtained for the various lots in the Field Library. They have also a few copies left of the Field Catalogue \$1.00.

Matters of speculative philosophy and, in general, disquisitions and allusions to subjects not of interest to the literary reader, are not within the province of the "Bibliopolist." This will be sufficient answer to the complaint made by "Botolph," together with the observation that the matter to which he objects had escaped the revision of the Senior Editor.

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